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THE CRITIC.

OBERMANN.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

A FEATURE OF MODERN SCEPTICISM.

To dwell under the shadow of the Alps and dream of the Infinite; to sail on Swiss lakes when the stars are rising and dream of Eternal Beauty, is to be happy with a happiness, and wretched with a wretchedness, which few are capable of feeling, and which no poet in these days but BYRON, and perhaps SHELLEY, has been able to depict. In times not remote from our own solitude, was the sacred home of those souls that longed with a great longing to commune with God in the awe and depth of unbroken silence. The most believing, the most religious hearts were then the loneliest. To them, earth was a discord jarring with that melody of the Universe which was alike response and reward to their mystic and enthusiastic devotion; a

discord, therefore, from which they fled as from a curse and a foe. What there was of profound, of holy, of noble in this, is not likely to be seen in an age of chattering, grimacing publicity, when Glory seems to have chosen an advertising van for her throne, and when to be mighty is to be the hero of ten thousand placards. Solitude has not ceased, however, to be the need of many bosoms, though it has no longer Faith as its companion. Formerly those sought it who believed the deepest; now, those seek it who doubt the boldest. But the motives operating in the two cases will be found not to be essentially unlike. With mere indifferentists the world abounds; with mere deniers it abounds no less; yet we question whether there ever was a time when the unbelief resulting from elaborate enquiry and logical deduction was less prevalent than now. It is far other, far more excitable faculties that unbelief at present assails, a frenzied imagination, a morbid sensibility. Now the natural food of all true imagination, of all true sensibility, is pious emotion. While the reason of every man is sceptical, and while a man wholly mathematician is of necessity an Atheist, the fancy and the heart instinctively soar to the Invisible and the Divine. The credulity of a people is simply the excess of imaginative sympathy with the Unseen; and Poetry is but the refinement of credulity. What is the Iliad but Hellenic credulity in the most pictorial and ideal form which was then possible? Credulity, therefore, is never a disease; it is merely the overflow of a robust health, at least in the faculties which it more peculiarly effects. It is always, however, in the most vigorous faculties, in the faculties least prone to disease, that disease assumes the most formidable shape when it finally comes. This it is which makes the unbelief of the present day so terrible to behold, how much more terrible to experience! Doubt has entered there where a healthy faith, sometimes deepening into credulity, has its natural abode. Hence the absurdity of all that is at present said and done in opposition to unbelief. It is demonstrated most learnedly and lengthily to the sick of the palsy that legs were made to walk, when it is precisely his inability to move which he deplores. The arguments of the Sophist are employed where the hand of the Physician alone could be potent. What are called the beauties of Religion are glowingly delineated to the doubting imagination and the doubting sensibility, though it is a vision too gorgeous of those beauties, and a yearning inordinate for them which have caused the doubt. Indeed, the daring doubts of the imaginative and the sensitive are the most earnest signs of religious life amongst us. Their doubts are not an impious scoff but a social protest. They are a proclamation of war, not against God or the fervent worship of God, but against a constitution of society so arid, beggarly, and base, that God can find no temple there, or where for decency's sake his name is now and then muttered in the temple of Mammon. It is, therefore, a religious feeling that in these times drives the doubter into solitude. It is, that he may no longer be vexed by the sight of Godless men; it is, that amid the majesty of nature, he may find his God again, however veiled in darkness, and however fitfully revealed. When, then, in our own lonely wanderings through the sublimest scenery of Europe, we encounter a wanderer as lonely as ourselves, but who bears along with him, wherever he goes, what it may not be our lot to have, genius, dark doubts, unspeakable sorrows, we must not suppose that chiefly, either misanthropic disgust or poetic rapture has brought him face to face with those Alpine grandeur; but that in spite of his doubts, and in some degree in consequence of his doubts, his insatiate thirst of God has driven him to seek God's footsteps where they are freshest, on the ice-crags whose echoes welcome the thunder of the skies.

But doubt is a disease, and the passion for solitude is no less so. It is from doubt that new thoughts come, it is from solitude that great thoughts come. Leaving, however, new thoughts and great thoughts to come as they may, it is our duty to make earth beautiful by humble and holy deeds. But this we cannot do unless we accept the Universe, and our place and vocation there, as inevitable realities. Whatever merit Stoicism had, was in setting forth with a clearness and a force attempted and attained by no other system, the wisdom of planting our courageous foot there where the Divine Commander of the Faithful has appointed. There stand; there fight; there if need be, fall; this was the language, this the whole philosophy of Stoicism. It is foolish to represent that it had no other or higher purpose than to teach men to despise pain. It merely spoke of pain as one of the inevitable realities in the necessary development of endless and concatenated Being. Its exaggerations of statement and appeal do not diminish the value of the lesson which is one for

all times, and to which men must evermore return as to the main conservative element of society, seeing that society is one of the inevitable realities, and we are accepting our place in creation when we find and accept our place in social existence. All revolutions insofar as political, are caused by misgovernment; but every revolution has a social leaven; and what is that social leaven other than the rebellious pride and impatience which make so many spurn their actual lot, and dream of ideal communities, where, by the skill of charlatans, the law of the inevitable is to be dispensed with. Still, however needful it may be for men to accept the Universe and the inevitable realities which it comprehends and evolves, and however much doubt and the passion for solitude may war with that Universe, and those realities, this is no reason why we should shut our eyes on doubt, as on a loathsome disease, and consider it fortunate that the doubter carries the leprosy of his soul to the mountain and the wilderness. The favourite doctrine now-a-days in the things of the spirit is: "Health, speak out, Disease, be thou dumb." Our doctrine is the very opposite of this. We say to Health: Be silent; or if thou needs must speak, speak in valiant action: but Disease breathe forth all thy sufferings that we may feel thee to be indeed Disease and come and cure thee. We always think therefore that that man does a signal service who lays bare in all its hideousness some one of the Age's maladies that we may know where we can place our healing hand or discern what is utterly, hopelessly, for ever incurable.

A book delineating with great force and fidelity one of the Age's saddest diseases, that form of scepticism whereof we have been speaking, which nourishes and is nourished by the passion for solitude, is *Obermann*, a French work of fiction never popular in France, and never likely to be popular there or anywhere else, but which some of the best French writers have thought worthy of deep study and fervent praise. Our edition of the book contains an eloquent and interesting preface by Madame DUDEVANT. And in the *Critiques et Portraits Littéraires* of SAINT-BEUVÉ, a modest well-informed and conscientious writer of eminent critical ability, will be found two excellent articles on *Obermann*. It is little that we can glean from this or other sources respecting the author DE SENANCOUR. But what few particulars we find are worth giving, as they will enable our readers better to appreciate the intention of the book. In a subsequent article we shall accordingly present a sketch of DE SENANCOUR'S life.

KENNETH MORENCY.

ENGLAND THE SECTARIAN.

ENGLAND is eminently a sectarian country. This the most superficial may see, but the causes of this it may well puzzle the most sagacious to discover.

Perhaps the main cause is that the English nation is itself a sort of sect among nations; a powerful sect, truly, but still a sect. It wants that spontaneous humanhood, that instinctive sociability which characterizes most Europeans, and especially the French. No people so energetic as the English, no people so lonely or at least so attached to its loneliness. This cannot be ascribed in any considerable measure to the insular position of the English; for the Irish also inhabit an island—are further removed from the Continent than the English—are, as a whole, brought less into contact with the rest of the world by commercial and manufacturing activity, yet are famous for the warmth, the impetuosity, and the aboundingness of their sympathies, and for their freedom from that conventional frigidity to which the English are so enslaved. Spain is not literally an island; but it is as insular, perhaps more insular, than Britain in fact; for the Pyrenees are a more formidable obstacle than the ocean to frequency and facility of external intercourse: yet we find nothing in the Spanish character akin to English coldness and haughty isolation. Italy, also, is entirely cut off from the mainland by the Alps and the Sea; yet this does not seem to chill Italian blood, or to hamper the fluency of Italian lips. If we were to venture a conjecture on the origin of English exclusiveness, we should trace it to the circumstances that formed the English into a nation. Most other countries in Europe have been peopled by the influx of wandering hordes seeking a home: England has been peopled by successive gangs of daring adventurers and wild marauders seeking a conquest. In the first case, the new dwellers settle down into a natural and peaceable life, the moment that which they had sought—an abode for themselves and their children—is secured. In the second case, the hostile attitude being assumed in obedience to a roving and piratical spirit, continues for many ages after that spirit has subsided, and even after the arts of industry have begun to be extensively practised; and, as in other instances so in this, that

which was simply a habit, gradually transforms itself into a permanent element of the character. Moreover, for a long period after the conquest of England by WILLIAM OF NORMANDY, the Saxons and the Normans regarded each other with much distrust and jealousy: centuries elapsed ere they were thoroughly amalgamated into one people, and even now the amalgamation can scarcely be said to be complete. Now a nation, the different sections of which view each other with an evil eye—not solely or principally on political grounds, but from inherited antipathies of race—will look on other nations with equal suspicion, and shun all commune with them but what is absolutely indispensable. If we take these two points in connexion, allow them their full value, and glance at the various other points with which they stand closely or remotely related, shall we not admit that on them hangs the explanation of the pride of soul, the superciliousness, angularity, and repulsiveness of manner, the Ishmael antagonism and isolation which are peculiar to the English? But whatever may be the cause of the unsocial, disdainful, and distrustful countenance which England offers to the other countries of the globe, whatever may be the cause why it chooses to act on them as force, when it could so much more easily and effectually act on them as influence, there cannot be much doubt that it is its external, which potentially contributes to produce its internal sectarianism. A man who shuts himself up in the bosom of his family, and shrinks fastidiously from whatever may disturb his ideal dream of domestic tranquillity and enjoyment, will, however naturally amiable, grow morbid and ill-tempered, and the very means that he had taken to convert his home into a paradise will generate confusion and strife which it will not be in his power to banish till he mingle healthily and habitually as of yore with the various classes of the community. With a nation it cannot be otherwise. If it stand aloof from all other nations, or entertain no relations with them but those which trade or war evolves, it must, unbreathed upon and unblest by the fresh and stimulating genialities that stream from the full breast of entire Humanity vent in inward venom what it cannot cast forth in outward vigour. Sects and parties then are symptoms of disease. They are proofs that the nation where they abound is not living naturally, that it has rebelled against the Divine as it is best revealed in the Human. Wide as is the gulph that separates England from all other nations, still wider is the gulph that divides English sects and parties from each other. If, however, the first gulph were filled up, it would not cost us much pains to fill up the second. Make the English, we do not say more generous, for in generosity they are unequalled; we do not say more philanthropic; for the best plans and the most glorious accomplishments of modern philanthropy have been theirs; but endow them with more intellectual hospitality, with more social warmth, with prompter, more vivacious, and more lavish impulses; teach them to utter ardently whatever of ardent affection they feel, and to obey a nobler law than Utilitarian calculation, and sects and parties with their spites and squabbles, their misunderstandings and misrepresentations, and their unseemly struggles for victory may not indeed perish, but they will sink into utter insignificance. We have not the same faith that some have in the progress of education, and the spread of knowledge as cures for the mischief and the madness that sects and parties scatter over our native land. For this is an evil in which the character is more concerned than the mind, the heart more than the head. You may cultivate the mind most elaborately, you may furnish the head with the light and the wealth of every science, and yet the evil remain as before. To rid the English of sectarianism you have to instruct them, not how to love Universal Man, for this is an instruction that cannot be communicated; but how to express their love in such a way that Universal Man may at once respond to it as love. The German, however bigoted and prejudiced in politics or in religion is still ever more Man than German, more German than Catholic, or whatever else may be his political or religious badge. The Englishman on the contrary, with but rare exceptions, is more Methodist, or Churchman, or Dissenter, or Conservative, or Reformer than Englishman, more Englishman than Man. To make the Englishman in this respect as the German, no intellectual apparatus, however ingenious and comprehensive that you may employ, will be successful. A revolution so mighty and so needed can only be brought about by augmenting and facilitating intercourse with the sympathies, activities and entire existence of foreign nations. From recent changes this intercourse is likely to be extensive enough as far as commerce goes. But England has long had a commerce unparalleled in its extent, so that it is manifest that commerce alone cannot do the blissful work that requires to be done.

Other and higher agencies are required. The best is what for want of a fitter name we would call the Brotherhood of Prophecy. There are in England brave men, good men, wise men who care nothing for sectarian distinctions, but who pant for the spiritual emancipation of the earth. Such men are still more numerous in France, Germany and other nations whose mission it is potently to advance civilization. Now by an interchange of sentiments and ideas between the Prophets, the Spiritual Reformers here and on the continent marvellous, most benignant results will follow. We may judge of what can be done to breathe tolerance into our countrymen's souls through the instrument of which we are now speaking by what one man, Thomas Carlyle has succeeded in doing. He so earnest, so individual, and yet so untrammelled by the bondage of dogmas has done more to crush sectarian tyranny and to raise his brethren to a region of transcendental thought, and celestial calm, and most pregnant consciousness than any other influence that has stirred the soul of England for the last twenty years. The holy labour that Carlyle has begun, his disciples, many of whom possess various and notable talents, will continue. Other Prophets also besides him have arisen or will arise fitted to do and aiming to do still more divinely than he, so that not rashly but most rationally, ere another generation has passed away, we may anticipate a glad and godlike triumph of Humanism over Sectarianism, even without taking into account the operation of other agencies dowered with the beatitudes of the skies.

KENNETH MORENCY.

PHILOSOPHY.

Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849: being the Second Series of the Notes of a Traveller. By SAMUEL LAING, Esq., Author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway," &c. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

ALTHOUGH not such in name, in truth this volume is devoted to the most valuable of all philosophy—the practical, social, and political philosophy of one who has derived his materials from extensive observation of the existing world, and not from books, or as seen through others' spectacles. Mr. LAING is not a dreamer, who first makes his own world, and then weaves some fine theory to direct it withal: he does not ignore the present, and go backward to the past for consolation, nor does he throw himself headlong upon "the ignorant future," and endeavour, in his impatience, to anticipate the march of events which human effort can neither hasten nor impede. He is content to take men and things as he finds them, and having travelled leisurably in every part of Europe, and seen the people of all classes in their dwellings, and enquired into their ways of life, and how they subsist, and what are their wages, and what their physical and moral condition, he now comes to tell us the results of his observations taken in the gross, as they have been formed in his own honest convictions. In this volume, we have that which alone makes travel useful for any higher purpose than health and amusement—the *reflections* it has caused—the thoughts it has stimulated—the deductions made from it—in short, the *Practical Philosophy of Travel*.

Now, the subjects treated of in this volume are so numerous and various, that, if we were to discuss even a portion of them, three or four *Carriacs* would be wholly occupied with the review, a scheme which is not within our compass or our aims, it being our design merely to introduce new books and their contents, and not to analyse them. A few extracts will, however, suffice to show the thoughtful character of this work, and how pregnant it is with instruction. We dip into it here and there for examples.

Mr. LAING has these sensible remarks on

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

The Germans are eminently a loyal people, much more so than the English. They have dynastic loyalty, are loyal to the family, to the person, to the very faults or vices of their rulers. We have no such loyalty, none that would stand the test of misgovernment, or even of personal misconduct. We have changed our dynasty, and would do so again, for such inroads on constitutional government, established law, religion, and morals, as the continental man submits to, yet retains his unshaken attachment to the dynasty he was born under. The German sovereigns have thrown away this valuable—to them, at least, valuable—propensity in the German character; and have allowed a class, a sect, to acquire a monopoly of the public mind and opinion, and to train all the other classes to views very much opposed to the stability of their power. If, trusting to the natural tendency of the German mind to loyalty, peace, and social order, they had left education, religion, and the press entirely free, and had allowed the theories, speculations, and follies of literary men and philosophers to neutralise each other, the support of public opinion in favour of the existing dynasties and state principles would have been much more powerful and united. The German thrones have been undermined by the German universities. A social interest and influence independent of, and adverse to, the German governments, wielded by the universities in one direction, may be considered the great political power in Germany, and that which will ultimately triumph over all the existing institutions.

How is it that with a body of students in Scotland so much larger in proportion to the population than in Prussia, and in universities on the same arrangement and educational principle, our government sees no plots, conspiracies, or dangerous associations among them? The young men have no doubt their clubs, meetings, debating societies, and spout, harangue, and rave over their whisky-toddy about the rights of man and republican institutions, talk politics, talk treason sometimes, and discuss the first principles of government and the duty of immolating tyrants on the altar of liberty, and would all be Brutuses if they could find Cæsars, as well as the young lads at the German universities. How is it that our government finds no danger in all this youthful bluster? and that the young men at our universities form no distinct corps, no peculiar body dangerous to the state, like the German *Burschenschaft*? It is simply because they are not made a distinct corps of, are not considered of any importance, and therefore are of none; are obliged to conduct themselves like other people under the common law and police of the land, and are punished for offences by the same laws and tribunals and in the same way as other people. In Germany, the *senatus academicus* of each university has a distinct jurisdiction over the students. They are amenable to, and tried and punished only by their academical judges who have powers, independent of the ordinary civil courts, to punish them for civil or police transgressions, by fine, arrest, imprisonment, for which there is a special academical prison in each university, and by rustication or total expulsion. The students live under a different judicature even for offences against the public peace, are distinct from the ordinary courts of the country, and consequently they form a distinct body from the rest of the people. But the judges in these academical courts, the professors, depend for their incomes, or means of living, although not entirely, yet very much, on the number of students who take out tickets for their courses of lectures. They are not individually in a position to be over severe in their sentences, or they might next session be themselves the parties living on bread and water. They might have no hearers and no fees. The *senatus* also naturally consider, that if their university got the reputation of being very strict and rigorous, the preference would be given by students to some other university, in which the judicature was more lax; and the number of students, their own profits, and the character of their university would be diminished. All this absurd arrangement of a police within a police, and a distinct body like a military class, but without military discipline or an effective judicature to keep it in order, falls away in our common-sense arrangement by which the student is subject to the same law and tribunal as other young men in the town; and whatever academical punishment the professors may inflict, will certainly be fined or sent to Bridewell for any offence

or breach of the peace, by the ordinary judge, along with the journeymen tailors or shoemakers who may have taken part in the fray.

Absurd as it may appear on a superficial view, that in a population of forty millions of people some ten or twelve thousand lads, scattered in seventeen universities, should give uneasiness and arouse the watchful jealousy of the German sovereigns about their opinions, the absurdity vanishes and the great importance of this element in the social state of Germany appears in its full magnitude, on a nearer approach. Out of this body of ten or twelve thousand *Burschen*, living from boyhood to manhood as a distinct body from the rest of their fellow-subjects, accumulating in numbers yearly, and renewed every five or six years by a new swarm, must be replenished all the civil functionaries who are to advise the sovereigns, guide the state affairs, administer the law, conduct the business of government, and educate the succeeding generation in the schools and universities. It is the great social evil in Germany that men are called from this ill-educated body—ill-educated for all practical social business—to administer laws which they never obeyed, or saw the working of on the various interests of society, and are called out of the narrow prejudiced circle of student life and functionary life in the universities and *bureaux*, to legislate in the cabinets of the German sovereigns, on subjects and interests which they never, as private men, entered into or understood. They have had no opportunity of understanding the business of their fellow-citizens, of the *Philister*, as the student and functionary call those who have not been *Burschen* or functionaries; and they have lived and been bred up, not only in ignorance, of, and non-intercourse with them, but with antagonistic feelings and prejudices against them. This is the root of much misgovernment in Germany. It is in reality a lay Jesuitism.

A subject very hotly debated at present, both at home and abroad, is that which has been styled Bureaucracy, or the government by functionaries: although it is difficult to imagine what government there could be without them. On the Continent, however, this system has been carried to excess. The people are too much governed; sovereigns endeavour to drill their subjects to a pattern, instead of letting harmless nature have her way. They forget that the object of all government is simply to protect individual liberty from the encroachments of others.

FUNCTIONARISM.

In France, although the functionary system was not necessary, as in Prussia, to give a semblance of nationality to unconnected masses of population, for the French people have long been nationalized, it was considered necessary as a means of giving stability to the power of each succeeding ruler, from Napoleon the Emperor to his nephew the President. The social state which had sprung up from the ashes of the Revolution, afforded no other element between the governing and the governed but what Government created. Functionarism was intended to be a barrier in France against the physical force of the people—a middle class with social influence exerted always in favour of the ruling power. The general movement in 1848, in every country governed by this bureaucracy, for obtaining civil freedom, liberal constitutions, and emancipation from the functionary system, proves that this is not the true intermediate element required in the new social state into which Europe has entered. In countries which had constitutional governments or representative assemblies—as Baden, Wurtemberg, Hesse—the movement in 1848-1849 was not less violent than in the most autocratically governed states. The restrictions on civil liberty—the functionary system, created for and upheld by those oppressive and useless restrictions on freedom of action, on private life, on civil liberty—were a grievance which political liberty, the forms of a free constitution, had not redressed and never would redress, as the representatives of the people in those mock Parliaments were either functionaries themselves or under functionary influences. Functionarism gave way under the feet of the sovereigns who had built it up and trusted to it as the support of their thrones. It

betrayed Buonaparte; it deserted Louis Philippe. The functionaries had no influence with the people. They are justly considered as dependent pensioners, living upon the public for the performance of functions only created for their support, and in themselves useless, oppressive, and burdensome.

The vexatious interference and intrusion of functionarism into the domestic affairs and arrangements of individuals by the landwehr system, the educational system, the passport system, the class taxes, the licenses to trade or exercise any handicraft, have reduced civil liberty, or the freedom of the individual to act on his own judgment in his own affairs, to as low a pitch as in the middle ages. The movement in Germany in 1848 was, as far as the people were concerned in it, to get rid of this oppression. A constitutional government or Parliament in the smaller German states had not the power to shake it off; but a united central Parliament for all Germany would be beyond and above the influences which in a small state perpetuate abuses once established. This was the main benefit to be expected from a united German government.

In the dreary seven years of German history from the peace of Tilsit in 1807, to the expulsion of the French in 1814, the functionary class had not proved themselves so faithful to the governments by which they were appointed as to deserve the extension and importance which the continental sovereigns gave them after the settlement of Europe in 1816. In Westphalia, in Prussia itself, and in all the countries of Germany occupied by the French, the established functionaries in every district and department of public affairs became the willing instruments in the hands of the French, of the most grievous exactions, contributions, and oppressions, which, without their assistance and organization, could not have been carried into effect by the French commissaries. The chiefs only of a few departments had to be removed, or rather had to report to and act under a French functionary; but almost all the effective machinery of functionarism remained, every man sticking to office, and quite as effective for the enemy as he had been for the sovereign of the country. No feeling of honour, obligation, or duty to the former sovereign, no regard for previous oaths of allegiance, appear to have stood in the way of the German functionaries in continuing to hold their offices and to serve under King Jerome, or whoever was appointed by France to the emolument that could be squeezed out of the conquered German territories. This Beaptenstand or functionary class wants the moral dignity of character which has influence with a people in times of social trouble, and are a dangerous machinery, not only ready to inflict misgovernment and oppression on the country, but ready to support any hero of the hour, against the state that appointed them, who has the good fortune to get hold of the reins of government at the point in which they are centralized. It is an element in the social state as dangerous to the sovereign as it is oppressive and burdensome to the people. Louis Philippe was deposed and set aside as easily and quietly as any *chef de bureau*. He was but a *chef de bureau* to his people, who knew only functionaries of some bureau or other as the leading class, and to his functionaries, who knew no other motive of action than promotion in their several departments by subserviency to their immediate chiefs. Yet functionarism is the only element which has arisen in the new social state of Europe as the intermediate power between the governing and the governed. It is evidently not the true element. In a monarchical government it serves neither king nor people, and it is dangerous to the liberty of the more democratical states."

Mr. LAING is very indignant at the alleged viciousness of London. He asserts that the statements of the police authorities as to the numbers of vagrants and prostitutes, and thieves, are monstrous exaggerations, and he remarks that the same extravagance of estimate has been witnessed in Paris. On the contrary, he holds in high esteem, as compared with that of any other capital in Europe,

THE MORALS OF THE LONDON PEOPLE.

To me the London nation appears remarkably distinguished for their strong moral sense and their acute quick intelligence. In these no people in the most-educated, virtuous, or simple countries or districts, at

home or abroad, can be compared to the Londoners. It stands to reason that this should be their character. They are a people living in the midst of temptation and opportunity, and therefore necessarily in the perpetual exercise, daily and hourly, of self-restraint and moral principle; living in the midst of the keenest competition in every trade and branch of industry, and therefore necessarily in the perpetual exercise of ingenuity and mental power in every work and calling. The needy starving man in this population exerts every day, in walking through the streets of London, more practical virtue, more self-restraint and active virtuous principle, in withstanding temptation to dishonest immoral means of relieving his pressing want, and he struggles against and overcomes more of the vicious propensities of our nature, than the poor, or rich, or middle-class man in a country population or small town population has occasion to exercise in the course of a whole lifetime. Man must live among men, and not in a state of isolation, to live in the highest moral condition of man. The London population may be far enough from this highest moral condition; but they are individually and practically educated by the circumstances in which they live, into high moral habits of honesty and self-restraint. Look at the exposure of property in London, and at the small amount of depredation in proportion to the vast amount of articles exposed to depredation in every street, lane, and shop; and consider the total inadequacy of any police force, however numerous—and in all London the police force does not exceed five thousand persons—or of any vigilance on the part of the owners themselves, however strict, to guard this property, if it were not guarded by the general, habitual, thorough honesty of the population itself. Look at the temptations to inebriety, and the small proportion of the people totally abandoned to habitual drunkenness, or even to the hourly dram-drinking of Scotch people, or the *schnaps* of the lower classes in Germany. Virtue is not the child of the desert or of the school-room, but of the dense assemblages of mankind in which its social influences are called into action and into practical exertion every hour. The urchin on the pavement dancing Jim Crow for a chance halfpenny, and resisting in all his hunger the temptation of snatching the apple or the cake from the old woman's oven stall or the pastrycook's window, is morally no uneducated being. His sense of right, his self-restraint, his moral education are as truly and highly cultivated as in the son of the bishop who is declaiming at Exeter-hall about this poor boy's ignorance and vice, and whose son never knew in his position what it is to resist pressing temptation, secret opportunity, and the urgent call of hunger. Practical moral education, a religious regard for what belongs to others, the doing as you would be done by, the neighbourly sympathy with and help of real distress, and the generous glow at what is manly, bold, and right in common life, and the indignation at what is wrong or base, are in more full development among the labouring class in London than among the same class elsewhere, either at home or abroad. They put more of the fair-play feeling in their doings. The exceptions to this character; the vice, immorality, blackguardism, brutality of a comparatively small number—and many of these not born and bred in the lowest ranks, but in much higher positions from which they have sunk, besmeared with the vice, immorality, and dishonesty which caused their fall—cannot be justly taken as a measure of the moral condition of the lower or labouring classes in London. The genuine cockneys are a good-natured hearty set of men; their mobs are full of sport and rough play; and the ferocious spirit of mischief, wickedness, and bloodshed rarely predominates. Considering their great temptations and opportunities, and the inadequacy of any social arrangements or military or police force that we possess to oppose them, if a majority were inclined to active deeds of mischief, the London population may claim the highest place among the town populations of Europe, for a spirit of self-restraint on vicious propensities, and for a practical moral education in the right and reasonable.

There is as much good sense as right feeling in this.

But Mr. LAING does not limit his reflections to the political and social economy of Europe; he also surveys the state of art, and its influences upon the inhabitants. Bavaria has

been made the capital of art, yet hear what Mr. LAING says of

THE EFFECTS OF ART UPON MANNERS.

It must strike every traveller in Bavaria, and even at Munich itself, that the influence of the fine arts in producing refinement of manners and habits, is surprisingly small. In this very city of Munich, in which the revenues of a kingdom are lavished every year on the encouragement of the fine arts, so little is the refinement of manners, that, even in the gilded state apartments of the royal residence, in the saloons of Apollo and the Graces, you see spitting-boxes filled with saw-dust, placed in every corner, to receive the evacuations which civilized people of any refinement of habits, delicacy of taste, or regard for the feelings of others, do not allow themselves to make, either in company or alone. So little is the sense of comfort developed amidst this taste for splendour, that, even in the gilded palaces, the lodging apartments above the magnificent saloons are reached by uncarpeted stone-stairs with a hand-rail of common rough rod-iron. This civilization of the fine arts at Munich, appears to the reflecting traveller very like the civilization of the North American Indian, who stuccos and paints his face in fresco, and smears his skin in encaustic, while he has not advanced so far in the useful arts as to make himself a waistcoat and pair of breeches to keep his body warm. Is it not mere prejudice or the pederasty of artists to maintain, that a sense and taste for the fine arts are a more civilizing influence in society, than a sense and taste for the comforts and enjoyments supplied by the useful arts? Good clothing, good furniture, cleanliness, domestic comfort, and all the objects of common taste supplied by the exercise of the common useful arts, and all the objects of acquired taste, as sugar, coffee, tea, tobacco, set in movement a greater amount of intellect and industry to produce and obtain them, and work upon mankind in a vastly wider circle, than all the productions of the fine arts in any country.

And we are surprised to have from him such a judgment as the following on

FRESCOES AT MUNICH.

Fresco painting, as it is seen here in Munich, seems to stand in the same relation to oil painting, as the pantomime or melo-drama does to the regular drama. The figures, attitudes, expression, dresses, are all necessarily exaggerated, not to say caricatured, because the means of truthful representation are wanting.

The old garden of the court is a large square area filled with dumpy besom-shaped trees stuck in coarse gravel. The palace forms one side of the square; a barrack with its parade, another; and the other two sides are laid out in a colonnade, that is, a row of pillars in front of a wall adorned with compartments painted in fresco, and affording a covered walk. A few untenanted shops, and a good coffee-room, open into the colonnade. The fresco paintings, sixteen in number, are historical subjects in bright colours and pantomimic attitudes, painted by Cornelius, Zimmerman, Rockel, and Stürmer. On one side of this colonnade are twenty-eight landscapes in fresco, representations of towns or scenes in Italy, by Rottman. Some of these are clever coloured sketches; but not so superior to the tea-tray landscapes of the Birmingham jannapper, as the painting of a Gaspar Poussin or a Claude is to the best landscape among the twenty-eight. Each of these landscapes is honoured with a distich from the pen of his Bavarian Majesty himself, the ex-king. It cannot be said, that the poetry is not equal to its subject; but kings should be content to wield the sceptre of gilt wood studded with jewels, and should leave the intellectual sceptre—the poet's pen—to those born to it.

Is there, then, no truth in the venerable Latin Grammar proverb, "Ingenuas dedecisse fideliter artes emollit mores?" &c. No, says Mr. LAING.

The countries in the highest state of moral and intellectual culture at the present day, and the classes in those countries the most cultivated, morally, intellectually, and religiously, know little or nothing about the fine arts, have no taste in them, and are in no way indebted to them. The countries in the lowest state of moral, religious, and intellectual culture—Italy for

instance, and Bavaria—are those in which the taste and feeling for the fine arts are most generally diffused.

He is very fierce on the subject of fresco-painting, deeming it rather a step backwards in art.

LAING ON FRESCOES.

Fresco painting admits of no coming over again, to amend faults in the drawing, colouring, or keeping. All the effect must be produced at once, in a single stroke of the brush, without retouching. This is a great technical difficulty, requiring a rare combination of talent in the artist who overcomes it; but we are apt to confound the merit of overcoming it with the merit of the art itself. Fresco painting as a fine art is, on account of those very difficulties, an imperfect and inferior means, compared to oil painting, of representing the pictorial idea, whether that be a scene from nature, or a poetical idea of the artist. The plaster, no doubt, bears out the raw colours, the blues, reds, yellows, with full brilliancy as laid on at once from the palette; but there is no blending, shading, heightening, or subduing the tone. The highest artistical skill must be required to produce anything at all, with such difficulties in the imperfect means of producing; but the merit of the artist who accomplishes the production, is something very different from the merit of the work produced, or of the art itself. The artist who walks a mile upon his hands with his legs in the air, accomplishes a very difficult work, and may have great merit for the ease, grace, and beauty he exhibits in his action; but the merit of the art itself, compared to the art of walking the distance on one's feet, is rather questionable.

Here is an interesting comparison between the

TOWN AND COUNTRY PEOPLE.

Every traveller on the continent must have observed that the town and city populations live much more apart and separate from the country population than with us, each city or town is like a distinct island, or small nation, with its own way of living, ideas, laws, and interests, and having little or nothing in common with the country population around it. The ancient municipal governments of the towns, with their exclusive privileges, their incorporations and town taxes on all articles brought to market, and levied at the town-gates in a rough vexatious way, keep alive a spirit of hostility rather than of friendly intercourse between town and country. Some of these grievances exist where the traveller least expects to find them. In constitutional France, in constitutional Belgium, and even in the city of Frankfurt, where a model constitution of civil and political liberty was being manufactured by all the philosophy of Germany in a constituent assembly, the country-girl's basket is opened at the town-gate, to see if it contain any bread, cheese, beer, or other articles subject to town dues. The peasant's cart, loaded with hay or straw, is half unloaded, or is probed with a long rod of iron by the city official, to discover goods which ought to have paid town dues. The kind of domestic smuggling into and out of the continental cities which this system of town dues gives rise to, is of a very demoralizing influence. These restrictions and town dues raise a spirit of antagonism, not of union, between the two populations. The towns and cities, in consequence of this estrangement, have less influence on the civilization of the country, on the manners, ideas, and condition of the mass of the population, than with us. Our town or city population form no mass so distinct in privileges, intelligence, and interests, from the rest of the community, as the town populations are abroad. The city on the continent sits like a guard-ship riding at anchor on the plain, keeping up a kind of social existence of her own, shutting her gates at sunset, and having privileges and exactions which separate her from the main body of the population. In Germany and France, the movements and agitations of 1848 were entirely among the town populations. The country population has not advanced either towards good or evil with the progress of the cities. In Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Frankfurt, and other great cities, taste, literature, refinement, wealth, or the pleasures and enjoyments proper to wealth abound; but in the country outside of these oases of civilization, the people are in the same condition in which they have been for ages. The town civilization has not acted upon

them as it has on the general population of England. The people of the continent have more coffee, sugar, tobacco, and music, and more school and drill than their forefathers; but not more civil liberty or freedom of action, not more independence of mind, nor a higher moral, religious, and intellectual character. This isolation of the towns has a very prejudicial effect both on the town and country populations. It has kept the latter almost stationary, while the former has been advancing out of all proportion to the great body or to the means, intelligence, or requirements of the state or the people. This has divided the people of Germany into two distinct divisions: the great mass of the population living by husbandry and altogether unprepared for self-government, or civil or political liberty; and an educated, or half-educated, idle and debauched city population, half-crazed with theories and dreams of an unattainable perfection of society.

We conclude with a graphic sketch of

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

Avignon, Amboise, Blois, Tours, all the towns and castles and monasteries belong to, and are important historical points in English story; and they remain—the cottage, the country mansion, the roads, woods, gardens, the town dwellings, the streets, lanes, market-places—but little altered probably in appearance—even where they have been renewed or rebuilt. The castles, the monasteries, the baronial *châteaux*, are dilapidated indeed, and in ruins; but the locality of each, and its features, its woods, orchards, vineyards, fish-ponds, avenues, roads, are still where they were, and probably very much as they were, in the twelfth century. It is pleasing at any rate, as one travels through this country to imagine so. The salamander, the device of the ducal families of Guienne and Poictou, whose heiress Eleanor, the divorced Queen of Louis the Seventh, carried her extensive domains and mature charms into the arms of our young Henry the Second, is still seen upon the carved keystone of many an arched gateway and porch in and about Tours, Saumur, and other towns on the Loire. The England of our days is but the canvas on which an old picture has been painted, and a new one now covers almost every inch of the old work. But this country is an old picture still, notwithstanding the cleaning and oblitterating by the artists of the revolution. Decayed indeed it is, and worm-eaten in parts; but original outlines and tints are still to be traced in some corners of the canvas, and are even lived in the habitations and household ways and accommodations of the people. . . . The old-fashioned cottage of a date prior to the revolution in France, is a spacious dwelling, of low side-walls buried under a mountain of thatch, a huge roof, and very massive beams of oak or walnut tree support an upper floor, of which the windows peep through the thick bed of straw or reed thatch in which they are sunk, and which appears to have been accumulating, layer above layer, for many generations. The ground floor is divided into a large kitchen, which is the sitting-room of the family, and an inner apartment—the "but and ben" of the Scotch cottage dwellings of the same class of peasantry in the lowlands in former times. In this richer country the lodging of the people has been better than it ever was in Scotland, and better perhaps than it ever was in England, for the labouring agricultural population, because the material for building—the reed straw or reeds for roofing the timber, the bricks or stone—had little commercial value in a country of bad or no roads for transport, and could only be applied to buildings on the spot. The resemblance, real or imaginary, which the traveller finds in the style of building, of husbandry, of domestic life and arrangements, between this part of France and England, and especially Scotland, as these things were in England and Scotland of old, is very interesting; but, perhaps, is more in fancy than reality, and arising from his previous knowledge that all this country was once part of the dominions of the English crown, and was, for many generations, the resort of the nobles and gentry of Scotland, who took service in the body-guards of the kings of France. A favourite article of furniture in these ancient dwellings of the French peasantry, equivalent to the eight-day clock as a general piece of household goods among our labouring country people, is a large shining walnut-tree press or wardrobe, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, with carved folding doors hung

upon long bright swivel hinges of polished steel. In the best apartment of substantial peasants four of these wardrobes opposite to each other, so well polished by rubbing that they are quite ornamental, contain the stock of household linen and all such valuables. The ordinary sitting-room or hall in those old cottages, with its huge beams of oak or walnut-tree across the ceiling, its great fire of logs on the wide hearth, around which the females are busy with their household work; the distaff and spindle in the hands of the house-mother, and, if it be the village inn, the nice little table with the cleanest of table-linen, the lively buxom girl cooking talking, and waiting on the guests, and the plenty to eat and drink, give the traveller who walks through the valley of the Loire, the impression that in Chaucer's days, such may have been the hostleries in the pleasant, land of Kent, at which the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas in Canterbury put up.

A volume more suggestive of useful thought, more full of valuable practical information than this, has not been published for many a year.

SCIENCE.

The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. Translated, with Notes, original and selected; an Analytical Introduction; and Questions for the use of Students. By R. W. BROWN, M.A. London: Bohn. 1850. (Classical Library.)

As the desirability and usefulness of a study of *Aristotle's Ethics* seem to be on all hands regarded as great, it cannot but be that such an edition as this will be acceptable. There is a numerous class of readers who, though unacquainted with the language of ancient Greece, are anxious to study the works of the best writers of antiquity in, as nearly as possible, their own words. Mr. BROWN has done good service to all such, for his elaborate, original, and selected notes, and his analyses and questions, render intelligible much that in a translation would be lost to the modern who could not resort to the ancient Greek text. *The Classical Library* has produced no more welcome volume.

HISTORY.

The War in Hungary, 1848-9. By MAX SCHLESINGER. Translated by J. E. TAYLOR. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by FRANCIS PULSZKY. 2 vols. Bentley.

Adventures and Anecdotes of the South Army of the Emperor of Austria, during the late Hungarian Campaign. Narrated by Eye-Witnesses. Edited by J. W. WARRE TYNDALE, Author of "The Island of Sardinia," &c. Bentley.

THE profound interest which the glorious struggle of Hungary for independence created in the public mind is proved by the rapid succession of publications treating of it, for if the booksellers did not find the speculation a profitable one, they would not have encouraged it to the extent of so many volumes in so short a period; scarcely a twelvemonth has elapsed since the sad close of the conflict, when treachery performed the work that the armies of two empires, combined to crush freedom, were unable to effect. The latest contributions to the history of the memorable era are the books named at the head of this article.

MAX SCHLESINGER professes to present a formal History of the War of Independence. Mr. TYNDALE merely collects miscellaneous anecdotes and adventures of persons engaged in it. But SCHLESINGER's is not history, in our conception of the term, and it will be accepted by posterity only as what it is in fact—materials for history. The two volumes consist of a collection of essays upon Hungary and the Hungarians, to which the story of the war is appended, and that is composed in a singularly

novelist strain, as if he had been writing a romance and not a history. It is plain that MAX SCHLESINGER is no philosopher; he is essentially a painter; he does not trace causes, and show the combination of events by which results are brought about; he prefers to describe with a glowing pen the scene of a battle, the adventures of an individual, particular incidents. His portraits of persons whose names have become historical, are elaborate and characteristic, and impress the mind with a confidence of their correctness. We certainly know a great deal more about Hungary and its people than before we had read SCHLESINGER's two volumes. If not that which they profess to be, they are valuable and full of interest, and what they lose in permanent worth by the manner of their composition, they gain in present attractiveness for general reading.

Mr. TYNDALE's volume is just what its title-page sets forth, a collection of individual adventures and anecdotes, divided into sections. The first narrates the experiences of an officer who was quartered at Presburg during the early part of the war. When the insurrection broke out in Vienna, his regiment was ordered to march to the city, and he witnessed the bombardment and its consequences. He then took part in the campaign in Hungary, continuing in service there until the close of the war.

SCHLESINGER is a zealous partisan of Hungary; the Austrian officer is, of course, equally partial to his own government. But in spite of the one-sidedness of both, a great deal of truth peeps out, the more to be relied upon because the leanings of the writer were the other way, and his inclination would have been to disguise it if he could. Thus, from SCHLESINGER we learn, that the Hungarian leaders were not altogether unselfish, that they suffered much from dissensions, occasioned by personal jealousy and rivalry, and that the most honest and disinterested of them, as KOSSUTH, were rather visionary and un-practical. He admits, too, that GÖRGÉY did not surrender until all hope of success was gone. He does not acquit him of treachery, but he considers that the betrayal only anticipated an event which could not have been long delayed, and that it was, after all, the means of saving many lives and much misery.

The Austrian officer, on the other hand, by his very unconsciousness of the enormities of the scenes he witnessed, betrays the excessive cruelty of the Austrian government towards its victims. In proportion to its coward fears, when resistance was first offered, were its vindictive massacres and persecutions when it felt itself safe. The conduct of the people, indeed, throughout the revolution of 1848, was magnanimous and generous compared with that of their rulers. It is much to be feared that, by their reactionary tyranny, they have sown the seeds of a terrible future, for next time it is probable that the triumphant people will not be so forbearing. They will better the instruction of their oppressors. It is the fate of cruelty to beget cruelty.

We have read a great deal in the newspapers about the Csikos, who were such efficient assistants in the national struggle. This is SCHLESINGER's graphic sketch of them.

THE CSIKOS.

The Csikos is a man who from his birth, somehow or other, finds himself seated upon a foal. Instinctively the boy remains fixed upon the animal's back, and grows up in his seat as other children do in the cradle.

The boy grows by degrees to a big horse-herd. To earn his livelihood, he enters the service of some noble-

man, or of the Government, who possess in Hungary immense herds of wild horses. These herds range over a tract of many German square miles, for the most part some level plain, with wood, marsh, heath, and moorland; they rove about where they please, multiply, and enjoy freedom of existence. Nevertheless, it is a common error to imagine that these horses, like a pack of wolves in the mountains, are left to themselves and nature, without any care or thought of man. Wild horses, in the proper sense of the term, are in Europe at the present day only met with in Bessarabia; whereas the so-called wild herds in Hungary may rather be compared to the animals ranging in our large parks, which are attended to and watched. The deer are left to the illusion that they enjoy the most unbounded freedom; and the deer-stalker, when in pursuit of his game, readily gives in to the same illusion. Or, to take another simile, the reader has only to picture to himself a well-constituted free state, whether a republic or a monarchy is all one.

The Csikos has the difficult task of keeping a watchful eye upon these herds. He knows their strength, their habits, the spots they frequent; he knows the birthday of every foal, and when the animal, fit for training, should be taken out of the herd. He has then a hard task upon his hands, compared with which a Grand-Ducal wild-boar hunt is child's play; for the horse has not only to be taken alive from the midst of the herd, but of course safe and sound in wind and limb. For this purpose, the celebrated whip of the Csikos serves him: probably at some future time a few splendid specimens of this instrument will be exhibited in the Imperial Arsenal at Vienna, beside the sword of Scanderberg and the Swiss "morning-stars."

This whip has a stout handle from one and a half to two feet long, and a cord which measures not less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet in length. The cord is attached to a short iron chain, fixed to the top of the handle by an iron ring. A large leaden button is fastened to the end of the cord, and similar smaller buttons are distributed along it at distances, according to certain rules derived from experience, of which we are ignorant. Armed with this weapon, which the Csikos carries in his belt, together with a short grappling-iron or hook, he sets out on his horse-chase. Thus mounted and equipped, without saddle or stirrup, he flies like the storm-wind over the heath, with such velocity that the grass scarcely bends under the horse's hoof; the step of his horse is not heard, and the whirling cloud of dust above his head alone marks his approach and disappearance. Although familiar with the use of a bridle, he despises such a troublesome article of luxury, and guides his horse with his voice, hands, and feet—nay, it almost seems as if he directed it by the mere exercise of the will, as we move our feet to the right or left, backwards or forwards, without its ever coming into our head to regulate our movements by a leather strap.

In this manner for hours he chases the flying herd, until at length he succeeds in approaching the animal which he is bent on catching. He then swings his whip round in immense circles, and throws the cord with such dexterity and precision that it twines around the neck of his victim. The leaden button at the end, and the knots along the cord, form a noose, which draws closer and tighter the faster the horse hastens on.

See how he flies along with outstretched legs, his mane whistling in the wind, his eye darting fire, his mouth covered with foam, and the dust whirling aloft on all sides! But the noble animal breathes shorter, his eye grows wild and staring, his nostrils are reddened with blood, the veins of his neck are distended like cords, his legs refuse longer service—he sinks exhausted and powerless, a picture of death. But at the same instant the pursuing steed likewise stands still and fixed as if turned to stone. An instant, and the Csikos has flung himself off his horse upon the ground, and inclining his body backwards, to keep the noose tight, he seizes the cord alternately with his right and left hand, shorter and shorter, drawing himself by it nearer and nearer to the panting and prostrate animal, till at last coming up to it he flings his legs across its back. He now begins to slacken the noose gently, allowing the creature to recover breath: but hardly does the horse feel this relief, before he leaps up, and darts off again in a wild course, as if still able to escape from his enemy. But the man is already bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; he sits fixed upon his neck as if grown to it, and

makes the horse feel his power at will, by tightening or slackening the cord. A second time the hunted animal sinks upon the ground; again he rises, and again breaks down, until at length, overpowered with exhaustion, he can no longer stir a limb.

The uses of such a creature in warfare may be readily imagined.

The foot-soldier who has discharged his musket is lost when opposed to the Csikos. His bayonet, with which he can defend himself against the Uhlans and Hussars, is here of no use to him; all his practised manoeuvres and skill are unavailing against the long whip of his enemy, which drags him to the ground, or beats him to death with its leaden buttons; nay, even if he had still a charge in his musket, he could sooner hit a bird on the wing, than the Csikos,—who riding round and round him in wild bounds, dashes with his steed first to one side, then to another, with the speed of lightning, so as to frustrate any aim. The horse-soldier, armed in the usual manner, fares not much better, and woe to him if he meets a Csikos singly; better to fall in with a pack of ravenous wolves. It was fortunate for the Imperialists that the Csikoses, from the nature of their weapon, were incapable of fighting in close ranks, or they would have constituted a most formidable power. Nevertheless, in a semi-official report it was stated that they had broken the centre of an Austrian corps before Komorn; but their boldness and the discouragement of the Austrians must on this occasion have assisted them quite as much as their whip and the short hook, which in case of need they hurl with dexterity. At Wieselburg the Imperialists caught one of these fellows alive, and brought him as a curiosity to the camp. The General in command and his officers had a mind to see the brown bird on the wing, and stuck up a man of straw in front of the tents, on which the Csikos was ordered to exhibit his skill. The lad consented, only desiring to be shown the point where his leaden ball was to strike. He then galloped at full speed several times round the straw figure, whirled his whip in the air, and to the astonishment of all present, the ball struck exactly the spot marked. The spectacle was, by general desire, ordered to be repeated a second and third time, when possibly it occurred to the poor hunted Csikos that he might make a better use of his weapon than against a harmless man of straw; and with a wild scream he whirled his whip into the midst of the gaping circle, dashed through it on his trusty horse, and away over the country through the green corn-fields to the Danube. A dozen shots were fired after him, but fortune favoured the fugitive; he reached the opposite shore and the camp of his countrymen in safety.

Here is another class of Hungarians, also having remarkable characteristics:—

THE KANASZ.

The Kanasz (or swineherd), whose occupation, everywhere unpoetical and dirty, is doubly troublesome and dirty in Hungary. Large droves of pigs migrate annually into the latter country from Serbia, where they still live in a half-wild state. In Hungary they fatten in the extensive oak-forests, and are sent to market in the large towns, even to Vienna, and still further. The task of driving the animals is shared by the Kanasz (several of whom have to attend each drove), his dog, and his ass. The jackass heads the drove, bearing a large bell round his neck, like the bell-wether of a flock, and carrying the provisions of the driver on his back. The dogs—of a handsome and strong race, called the white Hungarian wolf-dog—run incessantly round and round the drove, and keep the pigs together. Whenever the Kanasz wishes to rest, he makes a signal to the dogs, when they fasten and hang upon the ears of the jackass, so that he can proceed no further, but stands there, with his uncomfortable ear-drops and his woe-begone face, a veritable picture of misery.

It is a true enjoyment to live in these shady forests. The oak attains a finer and more luxuriant growth on the Hungarian soil than in any part of Germany. The hogs find food in profusion, and commonly stuff themselves to such a degree that they lose all desire for roving about; so that dog, master, and ass, lead a comparatively easy life, and are left to the quiet enjoyment of nature. But the lot of the Kanasz is a pitiable one

when, at the close of summer, he has to drive his swine to market. From Debreczin, nay, even from the Serbian frontier, he has to make a journey on foot more toilsome than was ever undertaken by the most adventurous traveller, pacing slowly over the interminable heaths in rain, storm, or under a burning sun, behind his pigs, which drive into his face hot clouds of dust. Every now and then a hog has stuffed itself so full as to be unable to stir from the spot, and there it lies on the road without moving, whilst the whole caravan is obliged to wait for half a day or longer, until the gluttoned animal can get on his legs again; and when at length this feat is accomplished, frequently his neighbour begins the same trick. There is truly not a more toilsome business in the wide world than that of a Kanasz.

The man, however, becomes reconciled by habit to what seems intolerable; he eats his bacon and smokes his pipe in the heat of the sun with equal composure as in the depth of winter, wrapt in his sheepskin dress, and satisfied with his own thoughts. Should he happen to fall out with himself and quarrel with his fate, he and his comrades kill a fat pig out of the drove, and treat themselves to a rich repast. The skin he takes back to his master, telling him that the animal died on the journey.

In the forests the Kanasz occasionally appears in the character of a *dilettante* robber, by way of diversion; but if caught and convicted by the authorities of the next village, he is usually hung up to the branch of some tree at the entrance of the forest in which he has committed the offence.

SCHLESINGER presents us also with the following portrait of

THE HUNGARIAN HUSSAR.

France, Russia, Prussia, and other countries, have introduced the Hussars into their armies; but these soldiers are merely Russian, French, and Prussian cavalry, dressed in the Hungarian laced jacket: they want the spirit, the horse, and the "Magyar Isten." For this reason, the Hungarian Hussar will not acknowledge them as brethren; and whenever he comes in contact with foreign Hussars, he lets them feel in battle the full force of his contempt. A story is told, that during a campaign against the French in the war with Napoleon, the bivouacs of the Prussian and Hungarian Hussars were near to one another. A Prussian came over to his neighbours in a familiar way with a glass of wine, and drank it to the health of his "brother hussar." But the Hungarian gently pushed the glass back, and stroked his beard, saying, "What brother?—no brother—I hussar—you jackpudding."

This expression is not to be mistaken for a brag. The Hungarian hussar is no fanfaron like the French Chasseur, but he is conscious of his own powers, like a Grenadier of the old Imperial Guard. The dolmany, the csako, and the csizma, have grown to his body; they form his holiday dress even when off duty—the national costume transferred into the army; and as he is aware that this is not the case in other countries, the foreign Hussar's dress is in his eyes a mere servant's livery; and logically the man is not altogether wrong.

The Hussar, like the Magyars in general, is naturally good-tempered. The finest man in the service, he is at the same time the most jovial companion in the tavern, and will not sit by and empty his glass by himself when a Bohemian or German comrade at his side has spent all his money. There is only one bided under the sun who is in his eyes more contemptible and hateful than any animal of marsh or forest. This is the Banderial Hussar—that half-breed between Croat and Magyar, that caricature of the true Hussar, who serves in the cavalry, as the Croat in the infantry, of the Military Frontier. Never was an Hungarian Hussar known to drink with a Banderial Hussar; never will he sit at the same table: if he meets a snake he crushes it under foot—a wolf he will hunt in the mountains—with a buffalo he will fight on the open heath—with a miserable horse-stealer he will wrestle for a halter; but as for the Banderial Hussar, he spits in his face wherever he meets him.

It was at Hatvan, or at Tapjo-Bicske, that Hungarian and Banderial Hussars were for the first time in this war—the first time perhaps in the recollection of man—opposed to one another in battle. If looks could slay, there would have been no need of a conflict,

for the eyes of the Magyars shot death and contempt at their unworthy adversaries. The signal of attack sounded; and at the same instant, as if seized by one common thought, the Hungarian Hussars clattered their heavy sabres back into the scabbard, and with a fearful imprecation, such as no German tongue could echo, charged weaponless and at full speed their mimic caricatures whom fate had thrown in their way. The shock was so irresistible, that the poor Croats could make no use of their sabres against the furious onset of their unarmed foe: they were beaten down from their saddles with the fist, and dragged off their horses by their dolmаны; those who could save themselves fled. The Hussars disdained to pursue them; but they complained to their colonel at having been opposed to "such a rabble."

The devotion of the people, of all classes, was the true source of the greatness of the struggle, and gave to it the exalted character in which it will ever be esteemed by the world. Such scenes as the following were not uncommon:—

FEMALE HEROISM.

It was on the second evening after Razga's execution, that a carriage stopped at the door of a nobleman's mansion in the county of T—. This country house was situated in one of the finest parts of the noble valley of the Waag, aside from the high road. * * * During the whole year all had been quiet in this mansion: its possessor had followed Kossuth from Pesth to Debreczin; his beautiful wife and her younger sister kept house alone, with a few trusty servants. The two ladies had hastily stepped on to the balcony, to see whether the visit was to them, and what guest could have wandered into the solitude of their retired valley. In a few minutes the stranger stood before them, and delivered a letter from Debreczin. The master of the house introduced him as a friend and patriot, adding that he was the bearer of papers of great importance, which had to be conveyed to Vienna, and forwarded from thence to Teleki at Paris. The ladies were requested to do all in their power to assist him. Half the night was passed in taking counsel together and relating occurrences. The young man, who was here first informed of the execution of Razga, his friend and tutor, took a solemn oath to avenge his death. His passionate spirit, which might endanger the enterprise, the difficulty of reaching Vienna at that time, when the frontier and the line of the Waag were doubly watched, together with the importance of the mission, inspired the two ladies with the adventurous idea of undertaking the journey, and executing the commission themselves. The scruples of their guest were removed by the force of circumstances: the same night he returned, and at an early hour the following morning these two delicate ladies set out on foot, clad as peasant-women, on their way to Pressburg. Two days and three nights lasted this wearisome journey, which at other times, with their fine horses, they would have accomplished in a few hours. Frequently they had to climb steep mountain paths, to avoid the piquet of an Austrian outpost; and when, exhausted by fatigue, they reached the spot where they had expected to find an open path, they descried in the distance a horse patrol of the enemy, and had to couch down half the night in a thicket almost dead with fatigue, tormented with hunger, in nervous dread of discovery, shivering on the damp ground in the forests,—two noble, rich, proud ladies of Hungary. One moment was the most dreadful of all. They had, in the darkness of night, entered the border of a thicket, without observing a post of the enemy which was on watch there. Suddenly they hear, not far off, a voice.—"Who goes there?" then again, and yet a third time. In alarm they retreat behind the trees—a flash startles them at scarcely fifty paces distance—a shot—a rustling in the branches—the whistling of a musket ball—then cries, exclamations, the steps of men close to them. The younger Countess had sunk fainting on the ground; and her sister, who believed her struck dead, fell on her knees in despair beside her. To this circumstance they owed their safety; the low bushes between the slender stems of the trees concealed them from the observation of the soldiers in search, who with lanterns were scouring the thicket and firing at random. It was not until after an hour of unspeakable anguish that the sisters recovered strength to steal back again. The

following evening they reached Pressburg in safety, and were there concealed by a female friend, who sympathized with them. . . . The following night they slept in Vienna, in the apartment of a student, to whom they had been referred from Pressburg. The young man, happy in being able to shelter two of the noblest ladies of his country, took charge of their despatches, and, like a faithful guardian, slept through the night outside the door of their room. The despatches were written in the language of the country, provided with the great seal of the Government, and destined to be transmitted to the Ministries of France and England. These noble ladies journeyed by Oedenburg back to their quiet valley on the Waag, where they remained until the conclusion of the war.

From Mr. TYNDALE's volume we take one of the many

PICTURES OF WARFARE.

After bivouacking a few days on the Plateau of Titel to ascertain the position and movements of the enemy, the Ban reviewed his different troops now assembled in this wild and lonely place, and marched on through Vilova to Kovil. Instead of seeing or hearing the inhabitants come forth to us as either friends or foes, as we approached the place, we were struck by the silence and tranquillity of everything around; and as we got nearer and nearer, we saw that battered walls and blackened ruins were all that remained of the once comfortable and happy village of Kovil.

Still we saw not a soul, and heard not a voice; step by step as we advanced we found the same desolation and silence, and on entering the walls we beheld what an internecine war can cause. Before us, and on every side, lay the dead bodies of those who had either attempted to retreat or had defended themselves to the last; and among the ruins of the houses were the hewn-down trunks of others, who probably had had no chance of escape.

In the remains of a monastery, where the Ban had taken up his head-quarters, the church had been desecrated with the same ruthlessness as the rest of the building. On the pavement we found shrivelled up bits of some embalmed saint; in the court-yard pool were the bodies of some monks; and on the door of an adjoining house, which had been half consumed by fire, was hanging the body of a young girl, nailed up with her head downwards.

The wells had been converted into reservoirs of mutilated limbs, and dead cats and dogs had been added, so as to prevent even the dying from assuaging their parching thirst; and not a grave had been dug for the reeking carcasses, so that their putrefaction might infect the air. Whatever remained of the houses attested the plunder and violence of the ruthless robber, and even the ornaments and paintings of the churches had not escaped their sacrilegious hands. The whole place looked as if all the demons of war had been holding one vast jubilee, and as if their orgies had been suddenly terminated by the all-destroying shock of an earthquake.

We had nearly got to the end of the village, horror-stricken and heart-sick at the devastation around, and remarking that not even the carrion vulture or blood-thirsty wolf had added their share of injury and insult as a climax to Honvöd murders, when, on turning a corner, we beheld two dogs gnawing the bosom of a human being, which had as yet partially escaped putrefaction.

They had evidently been tearing her limbs, and had left the mortified parts; the animals were positively fat and fastidious, and showed how they must have been revelling in their human feasts. Our first impulse was to rush at and kill them; but we were so sickened that we could only turn away shuddering from the revolting spectacle, and join our comrades.

It has been a sort of fashion of late years for young Englishmen, smitten with love of a soldier's clothes, to seek commissions in the Austrian service. To any who may have such thoughts, the account will be interesting which the officer narrator of Mr. TYNDALE's volume has given of

THE AUSTRIAN SERVICE.

Every one entering the service—whether an Austrian subject or a foreigner—with the intention of rising to

the rank of officer, must undergo the same strict personal examination by the surgeon of the regiment as the private soldier does before he can be admitted as cadet. Any serious ailment or malformation is a bar to his admission; nor can he be received till he is sixteen. Application for admission must proceed through some satisfactory channel by way of reference; and it is generally made by some well-known officer to the Inhaber, or proprietor of the regiment, in whom all the appointments are vested. On his approval, the young man joins the ranks as simple cadet, whether in a cavalry or infantry regiment; but it is better for foreigners to enter the latter, though the cavalry may be their ultimate object, as it enables them to learn the language more thoroughly, as well as the routine of that branch of the profession.

An entrance-fee, of about thirty florins for infantry and ninety for cavalry—about three pounds and nine pence sterling—is applied for various purposes, including the payment of the Commismenture (the uniform and arms); both of which, except the yellow porte épée, and the sword instead of the bayonet, are exactly the same as those supplied to the private, and must be worn when on duty and on all active service.

An extra uniform of superfine cloth, purchased at his own expense, may be worn on all other occasions, the quality being the only distinguishing mark: and by these he is everywhere recognised, and never subjected to any disagreeable consequences of being mistaken for a private soldier; except, perhaps, occasionally by foreigners, to whom the difference is either unknown or not apparent, and who have therefore often been surprised at seeing the supposed private associating so much with his officers. Under no pretext whatever, except for foreign travel, are plain clothes ever allowed to be worn.

The pay of the cadet is the same as that of the private—between seven or eight kreuzers, or about twopence-halfpenny per day in the infantry, and nine or ten kreuzers, or about threepence-halfpenny, in the cavalry; this, however, varies a little according to the price of provisions, and the extra sum is termed a "Beitrag." If he has no other pecuniary means, he would be debarred from joining in the expenses of his officers in their private life, and be thrown more essentially among his fellow cadets; but mere poverty brings no depreciatory slur or coldness either from his wealthier comrades or from his officers, who admit him with open hand and warm heart to their society, provided he earns it by good conduct.

The degrees of intimacy and familiarity vary very much in different regiments, as they do in all armies; but when circumstances enable him to participate in the pursuits and enjoyments of his superiors, he generally associates with them as their equal in everything except the position of military rank, and in this respect he is treated exactly as if he were merely and actually a private; the performance of every duty with perfect submission and respect is most strictly enforced; and it is on his behaviour in this anomalous position that his future advancement so much depends.

But no British subject should ever enter the Austrian service unless he first lays aside any idea of a similarity between the English and Austrian service. How many have joined the latter with an incorrect notion of it, and without some private pecuniary means; and how bitterly have they repented of the step! How many have come to us with means not sufficient for them to do much in their own country, but enough, as they have supposed, to "cut a dash" in an Austrian regiment!—and they too have no less mistaken the career; for if poverty may be a bar to advancement, the most ample means, when misapplied, may be equally so, in a profession where honour, ambition, and industry, are the principles, motives, and necessities of its existence, and where rank cannot be obtained for money, or refused for want of it.

In the infantry regiments there are sometimes as many as eighty cadets, in the cavalry seldom above six; but none need despair of advancement.

Pictures of the First French Revolution; being Episodes from the History of the Girondists. By A. DE LAMARTINE. Simms and McIntyre. 1850. (Parlour Library.)

THESE Pictures have been elaborated by LAMARTINE

in the work on which his fame principally rests—the celebrated *History of the Girondists*. Still, as an earlier and less matured effort, these Pictures have value, for they afford a tolerably good account of the causes that led to, and of the progress of, the first French Revolution. The book is one well suited to youth, and even to all who wish to glean a definite, though condensed, view of many of the most important facts in French history.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A., Curate of Plumland, Cumberland. In six vols. Vol. V. London: Longman. 1850.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In 1825, SOUTHEY paid a visit to Holland, and there was laid up with a bad foot, but was hospitably entertained by a Dutch family, of whose domestic doings he sent to his wife the following amusing sketch.

A DUTCH INTERIOR.

My dear Edith,—This is our manner of life. At eight in the morning Lodowijk knocks at my door. My movements in dressing are as regular as clock-work, and when I enter the adjoining room breakfast is ready on a sofa-table, which is placed for my convenience close to the sofa. There I take my place, seated on one cushion, and with my leg raised on another. The sofa is covered with black plush. The family take coffee, but I have a jug of boiled milk. Two sorts of cheese are on the table, one of which is very strong, and highly flavoured with cummin and cloves; this is called Leyden cheese, and is eaten at breakfast laid in thin slices on bread and butter. The bread is soft, in rolls, which have rather skin than crust; the butter very rich, but so soft that it is brought in a pot to table, like potted meat. Before we begin Mr. B. takes off a little gray cap, and a silent grace is said, not longer than it ought to be; when it is over he generally takes his wife's hand. They sit side by side opposite me; Lodowijk at the end of the table. About ten o'clock Mr. Droesa comes and dresses my foot, which is swathed in one of my silk handkerchiefs. I bind a second round the bottom of my pantaloons, and if the weather be cold I put on a third: so that the leg has not merely a decent, but rather a splendid appearance. After breakfast and tea Mrs. B. washes up the china herself at the table. Part of the morning Mr. B. sits with me. During the rest I read Dutch, or, as at present, retire into my bedroom and write. Henry Taylor calls in the morning, and is always pressed to dine, which he does twice or thrice in the week. We dine at half-past two or three, and the dinners, to my great pleasure, are altogether Dutch. You know I am a valiant eater, and having retained my appetite as well as my spirits during this confinement, I eat every thing which is put before me. Mutton and pork never appear, being considered unfit for any person who has a wound, and pepper for the same reason is but sparingly allowed. Spice enters largely into their cookery; the sauce for fish resembles custard rather than melted butter, and is spiced. Perch, when small (in which state they are considered best), are brought up swimming in a tureen. They look well, and are really very good. With the roast meat (which is in small pieces) dripping is presented in a butter-boat. The variety of vegetables is great. Peas, peas of that kind in which the pod also is eaten, purslain, cauliflowers, *abominations*,* kidney beans, carrots, turnips, potatoes. But besides these, many very odd things are eaten with meat. I had stewed apples, exceedingly sweet and highly spiced, with roast fowl yesterday; and another day, having been helped to some stewed quinces, to my utter surprise some ragout of beef was to be eaten with them. I never know when I begin a dish whether it is sugared, or will require salt; yet everything is very good, and the puddings excellent. The dinner lasts very long. Strawberries and cherries always follow. Twice we had cream with the strawberries, very thick, and just in the first stage of sour-

* Broad beans, which he always so denominated.

ness. We have had melons also, and currants; the first which have been produced. After coffee they leave me to an hour's nap. Tea follows. Supper at half-past nine, when Mr. B. takes milk, and I a little cold meat with pickles, or the gravy of the meat preserved in a form like jelly; olives are used as pickles, and at half-past ten I go to bed. Mr. B. sits up till three or four, living almost without sleep.

Having been requested to state the course of study he had pursued in order to qualify himself as an author, he thus replied:

HINTS ON AUTHORCRAFT.

I have pursued so little method in my own studies at any time of my life that I am in truth very little qualified to direct others. Having been from youth, and even childhood, an omnivorous reader, I found myself when I commenced man with a larger stock of general information than young men usually possess, and the desultory reading in which I have always indulged (making it indeed my whole and sole recreation), has proved of the greatest use when I have been pursuing a particular subject through all its ramifications.

With regard to metaphysics I know nothing, and therefore can say nothing. Coleridge I am sure knows all that can be known concerning them; and if your friend can get at the kernel of his "friend" and his "aids to reflection," he may crack peach-stones without any fear of breaking his teeth. For logic—that may be considered indispensable, but how far that natural logic which belongs to good sense is assisted or impeded by the technicalities of the schools, others are better able to determine than I am, for I learnt very little, and nothing which I ever learnt stuck by me unless I liked it.

The rules for composition appear to me very simple; inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, and the proof of this is the easiness with which it is imitated, or, in other words, caught. You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. Sallust and Tacitus are examples among the Latins, Sir T. Brown, Gibbon, and Johnson among our own authors; but look at the imitations of Gibbon and Johnson! My advice to a young writer is, that he should weigh well what he says, and not be anxious concerning *how* he says it: that his first object should be to express his meaning as perspicuously, his second as briefly as he can, and in this everything is included.

One of our exercises at Westminster was to abridge the book which we were reading. I believe that this was singularly useful to me. The difficulties in narration are to select and to arrange. The first must depend upon your judgment. For the second, my way is, when the matter does not dispose itself to my liking, and I cannot readily see how to connect one part with another naturally, or make an easy transition, to lay it aside. What I should bungle at now may be a hit off to-morrow; so when I come to a stop in one work I lay it down and take up another.

The advice I would give any one who is disposed really to read for the sake of knowledge, is, that he should have two or three books in course of reading at the same time. He will read a great deal more in that time and with much greater profit. All travels are worth reading, as subsidiary to reading, and in fact essential parts of it: old or new, it matters not—something is to be learnt from all. And the custom of making brief notes of reference to everything of interest or importance would be exceeding useful.

The son, with affectionate solicitude for his father's fame, introduces this volume with a sort of half-explanation, half-apology, for the change of political opinion that occurred in middle life. Party feeling, always unjust, then attributed it to positive venality—the attractions of place and patronage, and the profitable retainer of the *Quarterly Review*. But we can find no grounds for such a calumny in anything that has appeared in these volumes. It is obvious that his *convictions* changed before he changed his party. SOUTHEY was not a *reasoner* at any period of his life. In his youth he was moved only by his impulses. These

led him, as they usually influence the young and imaginative, to conclude that the undeniable evils that afflict society are the result of bad constitutions, and were to be cured by pulling down the present structures and erecting new ones. Age and a little experience speedily corrected this generous folly, and then, the scale turning, the same impulse threw him to the opposite extreme, and he became as *ultra* a conservative as he had been *ultra* in his destructive notions. Had he possessed a little more reasoning power, and a little less imagination, he would have halted half-way, and become a rational reformer: he would have acknowledged the truth, now scarcely denied by any person, that the way to preserve is to *reform and improve*; that liberty, properly so called, is the best security for order; that where people are free, sovereigns are safest: that the enlargement of the suffrage to the utmost limit at which assurance is afforded that the elector has a substantial stake in the preservation of order—that is to say, household suffrage—is really the most conservative policy that could be pursued. We readily acquit SOUTHEY of any venal motives in the change. But his friends must be content to procure his acquittal from venality by admitting a mental defect, which could thus permit him to adopt opposite extremes. Change of opinion is essential to the growth of intellect. But that change should be gradual. A man who jumps at once from democracy to despotism, from infidelity to superstition, is either a very bad or a very weak man—and, inasmuch as there are more weak-minded than wicked men, it is but charitable to attribute vacillation to the former rather than to the latter failing.

Memoirs of Eminent Etonians; with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By EDWARD S. CREAMY, M.A. London: Bentley.

ANOTHER biographical dictionary. Here, in one volume, are compressed no less than one hundred memoirs—averaging five loosely printed pages per biography.

These, then, are *not* memoirs in the popular sense of the term, and the fault lies in so terming them, for the reader is disappointed when, expecting a volume for reading, he finds only one for *reference*.

As such, it is a useful and acceptable volume. To all who claim to be Etonians it will be highly valued. For them, in fact, it has been compiled, for the general public will find in it little to engage its attention.

Mr. CREAMY, like a true son, sees no faults in his parent. What to impartial eyes appear to be abuses and deformities, are in his sight advantages and beauties. According to him, there is nothing capable of amendment. He deliberately justifies even the practice of fagging, dropping the name, however, and "hiding its grossness with fair ornament." Thus,

This old record is also valuable for showing the antiquity of one of the disciplinary principles of the school, which gives the upper boys authority over the lower, and makes them responsible for the maintenance of general good conduct. This principle is indeed coeval with the foundation of Eton; for, as has been already stated, according to the original scheme of lodging the seventy scholars, it was required that a certain number of the elder and more trustworthy boys should be placed in each dormitory, and made responsible for the conduct of the rest. The old "Consuetudinarium" continually refers to the functions of the "præposti," that is to say, of the boys set over the others. The Latin term is the original of our word "provost," but, probably in order

to avoid indecorous confusion between the designation of the head of the college and that of the youthful aiders of the executive, it has, when applied to the boys, been anglicised "præpositor," or, as usually contracted, "præposter." Four præpositors in 1560 were appointed weekly from among the upper boys, to keep order in school. One præpositor as "Moderator Aulæ," officiated at mealtimes; two aided in preserving decorum in church; four had authority in the playing-fields, and four were the ruling powers of the dormitory. Probably many of these offices were filled by the same boys. All these seem to have been appointed out of the collegers. But besides these there were two Oppidan præpositors, whose duties probably were more particularly connected with the students not on the foundation. And there was one more, a sort of youthful master of the ceremonies, whose particular function it was to keep a sharp look-out after dirty and slovenly lads.

This system of carrying on the government of the school through the upper boys is general among our public schools, and I believe it to be one of their most valuable features, though it is one the most frequently attacked by those who are unacquainted, either through experience or inquiry, with the true working and full objects of public school education. To accustom lads early to the exercise of responsible power, under due superintendence and safeguards against its abuse, and to diffuse through a community of young minds a respect for authorities that form part and parcel of that community itself, such respect being based on other feelings than mere dread of superior brute force, is surely to provide them with one of the very highest branches of education. For education means far more than the mere imparting of knowledge; it means also the development of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties. I dislike in general arguments drawn from etymologies, as being frequently little more than verbal quibbles; but it would be well to remember in practice the true import of the word "educatio." It is not "to teach." "Educatio" and "doctrina" are not synonymous. The word seems primarily applied to all that aids in rearing and maturing to full expansion and vigour the kindly fruits of the earth. When we apply it to the training of the inner man, we mean by it all that aids in expanding and maturing all holy and healthful faculties and powers. And that education is imperfect which neglects the moral qualities and the faculty of discerning and managing the tempers and natures of others, which all must possess who would rule wisely and obey well.

And he gravely argues in favour of devoting some of the best years of life to learning to write Latin verses!

But all is not so absurd and irrational. When Mr. CREAMY limits himself to the compilation of a narrative, and the gathering of anecdotes, he is sufficiently amusing. We take two of these. First, a *jeu d'esprit* by Mr. W. M. PRAED.

On seeing the Speaker asleep in his Chair in one of the Debates of the first Reformed Parliament.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair
If you mayn't in your bed, that you should in your chair.
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
Talking by night, and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker; slumber lies
Light and brief on a Speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the chidden that work in the mill.
You have more need of repose than they.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the house on a question of sixteen pence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time,
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.

Lord, how principles pass away!
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Next a reminiscence of

THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY AT ETON.

Much of Lord Wellesley's time during the last portion of his life was passed in the vicinity of Eton, and now in the leisure of his old age he fondly recurred to those classical studies and compositions which had been the delight and the pride of his youthful days. A volume of poems, entitled "Primitiæ et Reliquiæ," was printed for private distribution in the eighty-first year of his age. Some of these had been recently written, and they exhibit in an astonishing degree his unimpaired vigour of intellect, and his unaltered elegance of taste. One poem in this volume justly attracted universal admiration. In the grounds of the house which was occupied by Lord Wellesley near Eton, there are some very beautiful willows overhanging the Thames, which are of the species introduced into Europe from the East, and called "The Willow of Babylon." Lord Wellesley composed the following Latin verses, which he himself translated into English, on this subject:—

SALIX BABYLONIA.

Passis mœsta comis, formosa doloris imago,
Quæ, flenti similis, pendet in amne salix,
Euphratis nata in ripâ Babylonæ sub altâ
Dicitur Hebræas sustinuisse lyras;
Cum terrâ ignotâ proles Solymna refugit
Dirivum patriæ, iussa movere mole;
Suspensaque lyris, et luctu muta, sedebat.
In lacrymis memorans Te, veneranda Sion!
Te, dilecta Sion! frustra sacrata Jehovah,
Te, præsentî Edes irradiata Deo!
Nunc pede barbarico, et manibus temerata profanis,
Nunc orbata Tuis, et tactura Domus!
At tu pulchra Salix Thamesini litoris hospes,
Sis sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras!
Quæ cecidit Judæa, mones, captiva sub irâ,
Victicem stravit quæ Babylona manus;
Inde, doces, sacra et ritus servare Parentum,
Juraque, et antiquâ vi stabilire Fidem.
Me quoties curas student lenire semiles
Umbra tua et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sit mihi, primitiisque meas teneque, triumphos
Sit revocare tuos, dulcis Etona! dies.
Auspice te, summæ mirari culmina fame,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Edidici Puer, et jam primo in limine vitæ—
Ingennas verè laudis amare vias:
O juncta Anonidum lauro præcepta salutis
Æternæ! et Musis consociata Fides!
O felix Doctrina! et divinâ insita luce;
Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo!
Incorrupta, precor, maneat, atque integra, neut te
Aura regat populi, neu novitatis amor:
Set quoque præca Domus; (neque enim manus impia tangat);
Floreat in mediis intermentis minis.
Det Patribus Patres, populoque det inclyta Cives,
Eloquiumque Foro, Judicisque decus,
Consilisque animos, magnæque det ordine Genti
Immortalæ altâ cum pietate Fidem.
Floreat, intactâ per postera secula famâ,
Cura diu Patriæ Cura paternæ Dei.

The Life of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., as Subject and Citizen, as Legislator and Minister, and as Patron of Learning and the Arts. With a Portrait, by WILLIAM HARVEY. Routledge and Co. 1850. (Popular Library.)

A TRUE biography should either consist of the many and varied facts which can be furnished only by a number of writers, each having had some personal knowledge of the subject of whom he wrote, or it should teem with the reminiscences of a boon-companionship, like Boswell's Revelations of Johnson. The anonymous author of the book before us has not had time to fulfil the one condition, nor has he had the opportunities of being a master of the other. Yet is his book not altogether to be despised. He has managed to group well all the facts which newspapers have revealed regarding Sir ROBERT PEEL—facts which occurred before the birth of many who will eagerly read the volume, and which have escaped the memories of others; but which, nevertheless, constitute a portion of history that may not be slighted, and that never will be forgotten.

It would be absurd to judge of Sir ROBERT PEEL's entire character from a book hastily compiled, as this avowedly is, only from such matter as was already public in various forms. It is a record, and not an insight; but, judged as a record, it cannot but be deemed a successful production. It is divided into thirteen chapters, viz., Birth, Boyhood, and Education;

Early Parliamentary and Ministerial Life; Political Personalities; Voluntary Measures—Currency, Banking, the Criminal Code, and the Police; Political Life, 1820 to 1830; and 1831 to 1850; Last Speech; the Patron of Literature and the Arts; the Accident, and subsequent events and proceedings, furnish matter for the five closing chapters. Perhaps, as a shilling "pocket memory of Sir ROBERT PEEL," the book deserves praise. It does not aim at being anything more.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The United States Exploring Expedition. Vol. IX.

The Races of Man, and their Geographical Distribution. By CHALES PICKERING, M.D., Member of the Scientific Corps attached to the Expedition. Boston: C. C. Little and James Brown. London: John Brown.*

WITH most of the nations comprehended in the Eastern branch of the White family readers are well acquainted; and where they are less known, our author, who confines himself chiefly to physical peculiarities, does not give much that can be digested into an interesting connexion; though a batch of items might easily be gathered from it, as it occupies a considerable portion of the work. Suppose we (*haud ineptus*) try our hand at some.

Of the two divisions of the White race one seems to rule the land and the other the sea; "for the extent of the caravan routes is almost an equivalent to the universal maritime intercourse now attained by Europeans."

The island of Madeira was discovered uninhabited in modern times, and colonized by Europeans. The rugged character of the surface greatly impedes intercourse; at San Vincente, on the northern coast, but three travellers had visited the place in four months, and a Catholic priest had grown grey in that single ravine. (We fancy life might slip away not unpleasantly on the south side.) In some secluded situations young persons nearly full grown, go naked; it was remarked that "the peasantry in their conversation and music, habitually use the minor key." (We have noticed this in Scottish Highlanders.)

There are probably nearly one hundred runaway sailors scattered over the Samoan Islands; in native families "they were kept as a sort of pet." Before the arrival of the missionaries a vessel was wrecked on the islands, and the captain advised the crew to take up the profession. They built some churches, and one of them assured Dr. PICKERING that he "instructed the natives as well as he knew how."

At the Feejees there was an Irishman, an escaped Australian convict, who had contrived, perhaps by circulating an opinion that he would be found indigestible, to live forty years. He had a hundred wives and forty-seven children.

Jews or Hebrews, Armenians, Assyrians, Moguls, Afgans, Sikhs, Parsees, Arabs, and many Indian tribes are considered as belonging to the Oriental division of the Arabian race.

The Parsees are the living representatives of the Persians of antiquity. They reject image-worship, and pay homage to the elements, holding fire in special reverence; the leading virtue with them is charity. At Bombay they are the most prominent class of native population, and vie with the English in country seats, equipages, and costly furniture. They excel in ship-building, and

have built several ships of the line for the English Government, which are considered master-pieces.

In all Mahometan cities the continual invocations to prayer enjoined by that faith produce a general and deep sense of the immediate guardianship of the Deity. Dr. PICKERING observed this particularly at Macha.

At Singapore were seen representatives of no less than eight of the races;—the White, Mongolian, Malayan, Telingan, Negrillo, Negro, Abyssinian, and Papuan (the Veindovi, brought by the Expedition from the Feejees.) The Ethiopian was probably present in some of the mixed Arabs. Probably no such other spot could be found on the globe.

The usual estimates of the population of the globe vary from eight hundred to a thousand millions; and taking the mean, the human family would seem to be distributed among the races in something like the following proportions:

The White	350,000,000
" Mongolian	300,000,000
" Malayan	120,000,000
" Telingan	60,000,000
" Negro	55,000,000
" Ethiopian	5,000,000
" Abyssinian	3,000,000
" Papuan	3,000,000
" Negrillo	3,000,000
" Australian	500,000
" Hottentot	500,000

In Hindostan neither the English language nor the Roman letters make any progress. Among the native population newspapers are printed in five or six different alphabets, and in still greater variety of languages.

The literature of the Malay nation, a little to the west of the Celebes, contains a translation of the fables of Æsop.

The Feejees, although so barbarous, are good cultivators of the soil. They have pantomimes with clowns, a regular system of mythology, oracles, and a calendar.

The Polynesians "belong to a wave of migration that preceded the invention of letters." The strict adherence to truth among portions of this family results from their simplicity, falsehood being considered rather as an error of judgment than as a fault.

It is a singular fact that the custom of scalping should have been described in HERODOTUS, Melpomene, 64.

Leaving Dr. PICKERING's interesting speculations upon the migrations of the races, which are too extended, and, from the nature of the subject, too inconclusive for abridgment, we find some particulars of four East India Tribes, so curious that they are worth giving nearly entire. First, we have an account of

THE BATTAS OF SUMATRA.

These inhabit the interior of the island. They "cultivate the soil, have a division of landed property, a regular system of laws and government, an alphabet and a literature of their own: and yet they not only eat their parents (a custom among other East Indian tribes, and mentioned even by HERODOTUS); but they seem literally to devour their alive.

MARSDEN (see LEYDEN, Asiatic Researches, vol. x. p. 202) confines their cannibalism to two cases, that of persons condemned for crimes, and that of prisoners of war; but they themselves declare, that they frequently eat their own relatives when aged and infirm, and that, not so much to gratify their appetite, as

* From the New York Literary World.

to perform a pious ceremony. Thus, when a man becomes infirm and weary of the world, he is said to invite his own children to eat him, in the season when salt and limes are cheapest. He then ascends a tree, round which his friends and offspring assemble, and as they shake the tree, joins in a funeral dirge, the import of which is, "The season is come,—the fruit is ripe, and it must descend." The victim descends, and those that are nearest and dearest to him deprive him of life, and devour his remains at a solemn banquet."

Major CANNING (another authority quoted by Dr. PICKERING) gives the following as part of the testimony of "a native chief selected indiscriminately from an assembly of several" at the house of the official resident at Tappanooly.

Q. "I understand the practice of eating prisoners taken in war, also malefactors convicted of certain crimes, is prevalent in the Batta country; were you ever personally present at such a repast?"

A. "The custom you mention is prevalent throughout the Batta country, and I have been more than once present when it has been put in practice."

Q. "Describe what takes place on such occasions."

A. "Three posts are fixed in the ground; to the middle one the body of the prisoner or criminal is made fast, while his arms and legs are extended to the two others. (The narrator and other chiefs present, here simultaneously made with their hands and legs the figure of St. Andrew's cross.) On a signal being given, every one entitled to a share in the feast rushes on him with hatchets and knives, and many with no other instruments than their teeth and nails. He is thus in a few minutes entirely cut and torn to pieces, and I have seen the guests so keen at a repast of this description as severely to wound each other's hands and fingers. A mixture of lime-juice, salt, and chillies, prepared in the shell of a cocoa-nut, is always at hand on these occasions, in which many dip the flesh previous to eating it."

Q. "Then the prisoner is not previously put to death, but devoured alive and peace-meal?"

A. "The first wounds he receives are from the hatchets, knives, and teeth of his assailants, but these are so numerous and simultaneous as to cause almost immediate death."

All the other chiefs present more than once joined with him in these answers; which left little room to doubt that, to most of them at least, such scenes were familiar.

In the course of several years' experience of life in New York, we have never heard of any individual being disposed of quite so summarily.

THE WILD PEOPLE OF CERAM.

The Alforses inhabiting the interior of Ceram, live in the tops of the Wasinje and other high trees with wide branches; "and each tree is the habitation of a whole family. They adopt this mode because they dare not trust even those of their own nation; as they surprise each other during the night, and kill whoever they can lay hold of.

This might truly be described as a "surprising people." But the account of the Forest Tribe of the Malay Peninsula is yet more wonderful. They are styled

THE ORIGINAL PEOPLE.

It seems there is a branch of this great family in Asia. We have some members of it in New York; and Boston is overrun with them. There they edit a Review. In reading the following account one may trace a coincidence between our Original People and the Malay tribe, in what is said of their language, and especially of their religion.

The Original People live in the dead of the forest. They never come down to the villages for fear of meeting any one. They live on the fruits of the forest, and what they take in hunting, and neither sow nor plant. When a young man and woman have engaged to marry,

they proceed to a hillock; the woman first runs round it three times, when the man pursues; if he can get hold of her she becomes his wife, otherwise the marriage does not take place, and they return to their respective families. Their language is not understood by any one; they lip their words, the sound of which is like the noise of birds, and their utterance is very indistinct. They have neither king nor chief of any kind; but there is one man whom they style Puyung, to whom they refer all their requests and complaints, and they invariably adopt his decision.

They have no religion; no idea of a Supreme Being; creation of the world, soul of man, sin, heaven, hell, angels, day of judgment. They have no priests; the Puyung instructs them in matters relative to sorcery, ghosts, and evil spirits, in the belief of which they are all influenced. They never quarrel or go to war with another tribe. In sickness they use the roots and leaves of trees as medicines. When one them dies the head only is buried; the body is eaten by the people, who collect in large numbers for that purpose.

This account is from a printed sheet obtained at Singapore.

THE WILD PEOPLE OF BORNEO.

These are described by Dalton in the *Singapore Chronicle*, 1831:—

Further towards the north are to be found men living absolutely in a state of nature; who neither cultivate the ground nor live in huts; who neither eat rice nor salt, and who do not associate with each other; but rove about some woods like wild beasts. The sexes meet in the jungle, or the man carries away a woman from some company. When the children are old enough to shift for themselves, they usually separate, neither one afterwards thinking of the other. At night they sleep under some large tree, the branches of which hang low; on these they fasten the children in a kind of swing. Around the tree they make a fire to keep off the wild beasts and snakes. They cover themselves with a piece of bark, and in this also they wrap their children. It is soft and warm, but will not keep out the rain.

These poor creatures are looked upon and treated by the Dayaks as wild beasts. Hunting parties of twenty-five and thirty go out and amuse themselves with shooting at the children in the trees with the sunpit, the same as monkeys, from which they are not easily distinguished. The men taken in these excursions are invariably killed, and the women commonly spared, if they are young. It is somewhat remarkable, that the children of these wild people cannot be sufficiently tamed to be intrusted with their liberty. Solgie told me he never recollected an instance when they did not escape to the jungle the very first opportunity, notwithstanding many of them had been treated kindly for years. The consequence is, all the chiefs, who call themselves civilized, no sooner take them but they cut off a foot, sticking the stump in a bamboo of molten damar; their escape is thus prevented, and their services in paddling canoes retained. An old Dayak loves to dwell upon his success on these hunting excursions; and the terror of the women and children when taken affords a fruitful theme of amusement at all their meetings. The following additional information is, however, somewhat unexpected. After speaking of the excellence of the iron and steel of the interior of Borneo, and of the extent of its manufacture among the Dayak tribes, Dalton continues: Those men whom I have noticed, living in a state of nature, building no habitations of any kind, and eating nothing but fruits, snakes, and monkeys, yet procure this excellent iron, and make blades sought after by every Dayak; who, in their hunting excursions, have in view the possession of the poor creature's spear, or mandon, as much as his head, improbable as it may appear.

This tribe seems to be the connecting link between man and the ape; and their eating monkeys seems an approach to cannibalism. They seem to carry out some of the great principles of Communism to the fullest extent; having the least personal property, recognising no right of individual ownership in land ("God's Earth," as it is sometimes profanely called by some of the race to whom he gave

it), and in the social relations yielding entirely to the "passional attractions." Happy people!

Dr. PICKERING concludes his work with some zoological deductions, the principal of which are, that man "is essentially a production of the tropics, and there has been a time when the human family had not strayed beyond these geographical limits." And finally, he says: "There is, I conceive, no middle ground between the admission of eleven distinct species in the human family, and the reduction to one. The latter opinion, from analogy with the rest of the organic world, implies a central point of origin. Further, zoological considerations, if they do not absolutely require it, seem most to favour a centre on the African continent."

The volume ends with a full catalogue of the introduced plants of the different countries of the world, prepared with a view to lead the way to a better knowledge of the migration of races, and at an evident expense of learning and study which very few in our superficial days will think the subject of sufficient importance to demand. In our notice of the work we have confined ourselves to culling such picturesque scenes and curious facts as might be supposed to interest general readers. Besides such matter it contains most elaborate speculation, philosophical comparison, and collection of observations; and though by no means clear in style, and often cumbrous in detail, it is on the whole one of the most interesting results of the expedition—worthy the author's reputation as a philologist, and a valuable contribution to ethnological science.

The Races of Man; and their Geographical Distribution. By CHARLES PICKERING, M.D., Member of the United States Exploring Expedition. New edition. To which is prefixed *An Analytical Synopsis of the Natural History of Man.* By JOHN CHARLES HALL, M.D. London: H. G. Bohn. 1850. (Illustrated Library.)

THIS is, we believe, the first cheap and perfect edition of Dr. PICKERING's work that has been published in England; and we are not inclined to marvel at this when we take into consideration the immense outlay which its production must involve, and the large sale required to reward a publisher for capital and labour expended. Besides twelve steel engravings, illustrating the formation of different races, there is the map on whose compilation Dr. PICKERING prided himself so much, and which has been of such great service to ethnology, showing the geographical boundaries of the various races which constitute the human family. In all respects is this edition of so useful a work a boon to English readers, and especially to those scientific readers whose aspirations are greater than their means to gratify them. The Synopsis, by Dr. HALL, which prefaces the volume, is a valuable addition. Its chief purpose seems to be to give an epitomised description of the most generally received opinions with regard to the Physical History of Mankind. Dr. HALL clearly establishes the unity of the human species, and this alike by his own careful reasoning, and by a collection of the opinions of all eminent natural historians. His argumentation is close, and his familiarity with the subject great. We cannot but welcome his essay as a valuable addition to Dr. PRITCHARD's revelations. This book is, perhaps, the very cheapest that ever issued from the English press. The American edition was published at three guineas.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A VISIT TO THE EMPEROR OF HAITI.

THE following graphic account of a visit paid to the Emperor FAUSTIN I. by a French gentleman, who has just returned from Haiti, will

be read with interest. The object of the writer of the letter in visiting the West India Islands was to inquire into the state of the negro population, he being a warm advocate for the abolition of slavery, and an influential member of the principal abolitionist societies in France. It will be seen, however, that the present letter has no reference to the peculiar object of his journey, but is confined exclusively to an account of his visit to the court of the new Emperor:

Kingston (Jamaica), March 18, 1850.

During the month which I have passed at Haiti—a month of new studies and curious observations—I have not had a moment of leisure to write to you, having been continually moving from place to place. But now that I am enjoying the repose of this quiet island I could, from my notes and my recollections, send you a whole volume on the most interesting of the West India Islands—on that empire of the western world which looks forward with pride and confidence to its example being imitated by *la belle France*. In order, however, not to extend my letter to an undue length, I shall postpone the account of the picturesque portion of my journey, and limit myself to some description of his Majesty the Emperor Faustin I. and his court.

On my arrival at Port-au-Prince my first care was to ask M. Raybaud (the French consul) to present me to the man who, at the present moment, is the centre of attraction, admiration, and envy in this remote portion of the globe. After a delay of a few days, M. Raybaud informed me that the desired interview would be granted, and that it had been arranged that it should take place on the following day. At the time appointed we went to the Palace. This edifice, which was in former times the residence of the Governors of St. Domingo, assumes an imposing and even royal appearance when compared with the wretched hovels of which the rest of the town is composed. In point of fact, however, it would be considered very mediocre in any country where architecture has made some progress. The palace is very low, being composed of only one story, raised a few feet from the ground, and approached by four or five steps, which extend all around the edifice. A court which is railed in, and in which the Emperor passes a review of his troops every Sunday, reminds one vaguely of that of the Tuileries. On entering the palace we were shown into a waiting-room, which I examined with attention. The floor is in white marble, the furniture in black hair-cloth and straw. On a richly carved table appeared a beautiful bronze clock, representing the arms of Haiti—namely, a palm-tree surrounded with fascines of pikes and surmounted with the Phrygian cap. The walls were decorated with two fine portraits, hung so as to correspond with each other. The one represents the celebrated French conventionalist, the Abbe Gregoire, and the other the reigning Emperor of Haiti. The former is the work of an European artist; the latter does honour to the talent of a mulatto artist, the Baron Colbert. I should, perhaps, have remarked more, if my attention had not been attracted by the step of his Majesty in the neighbouring apartment, into which we were presently ushered. This apartment is hung with the portraits of all the great men of Haiti, and it is in it that the grand receptions are given. We immediately approached his Majesty, who was alone in the room and standing. The Emperor was dressed in a handsome green uniform, irreproachable either in material or form. He wore two gold epaulettes ornamented with two silver stars; a *plaque*, provisionally ornamented with crystal, decorated his breast. He had a sword by his side, and carried his hat in his hand. He commenced by giving us a very cordial shake of the hand. He then sat down on a *fauteuil*, and waited with some appearance of confusion and timidity, till M. Raybaud addressed him. We had, at his invitation, sat down upon *chairs*. The consul, after mentioning my name and profession, informed the Emperor that I had come to visit his empire simply from motives of curiosity and amusement, and that it would have been a great disappointment to me if I had been obliged to leave the island without having had the honour of being received by his Majesty. To this speech I added, "Sire, it was the only object of my voyage," at the same time half rising from my seat. The Emperor imitated my movement, and thanked me, adding at the same time, "I have already had the pleasure of seeing this gentleman at the review on Sunday." It was now my turn to offer my thanks for this flattering reminiscence. The conversation continued in the same manner for about twenty minutes. When we rose to take our leave of the Emperor, he again shook hands

with us. Three salutations on our part, and as many on his, concluded the ceremony.

Faustin Soulouque is completely black, but his features have not by any means that savage and hideous form which ignorance attributed to the negroes of purely African origin. On the contrary, his features are pleasing, and there is a peculiar sweetness in his smile. Though 64 years of age he does not appear to be more than 50. In height he is middle-sized. His breast is large and projecting, his shoulders broad, and his haunches clumsy, like those for which Louis XVIII. was peculiar. From the regularity of his features, his profile looks like that of a Roman Emperor. When standing, his corpulence makes him appear little. Though naturally taciturn, he is always dignified and choice in his words. It is right to rectify an error which attributes to him an entire ignorance of the French language. In my presence he spoke very correctly, and without any mixture of creolisms. He has also been accused of not being able either to read or write. The truth is, that he signs his name legibly, and even in cases of necessity writes letters, and besides that he reads every evening, without the aid of a secretary, the new history of Haiti, which has just been published by M. Modion, a native of much merit, who has recently been created a baron. He is greatly annoyed at the caricatures of him published in the *Paris Charivari*, and the jokes of the press in general. On this point he is susceptible to an incredible extent.

Faustin Soulouque is of the most humble origin. He was born a slave on the property of M. Viallet. This gentleman, who is an European, has been pointed out to me. He has succeeded in escaping all the revolutionary storms which have agitated this country, and at present is an inhabitant of Port-au-Prince. The Emperor Soulouque having one day recently met him, went up to him and said, "Although I am an Emperor to the rest of the world, I cannot but look upon you as my master." "And I," replied M. Viallet, "consider myself as your subject." How strange are human destinies!

At the period of the evacuation of Haiti by the French, the emancipated slave entered as a soldier the army of General Dessalines. From step to step he rose to the rank of colonel, and he held that rank at the period of the fall of the President Boyer, a grave event, in which the present Emperor was not at all implicated. From his taciturnity—a quality which among the blacks is considered to denote the most approved wisdom and discretion—he was admitted into the secret of the several conspiracies which succeeded each other from 1843 to 1847. Having been created a general of division under Richer, he only owed his election as Emperor to the accident of his name having been mentioned in the Senate at the moment when the votes were divided between two candidates, neither of whom had a sufficient majority. He then became the means of conciliation between the parties. The blacks voted for him on account of his ebony skin, and the mulattos because they thought they had no reason to fear the ambition of one who had till then been quite unknown. But the latter were not long in discovering that they had given to themselves a master and not a flexible instrument. Hence proceeded the sanguinary events of the month of April, 1848.

Soulouque triumphed in consequence of his displaying a terrible energy of character. His victory was disgraced by some frightful executions. Perfidious counsellors drove him into a course of vengeance, speaking of nothing less than exterminating the whole coloured race, who form the fifth of the population of Haiti. In this state of matters the consul-general of France acquired for ever the gratitude of humanity. In the midst of the balls which whistled through the streets of Port-au-Prince he repaired to the chief of the state, and succeeded, after reiterated efforts, in obtaining from him an amnesty, which excluded only twelve persons, whose safety had been already secured. In departing with the good news, M. Raybaud said to Soulouque, "President, of all the persons here present I am the only one who does not depend on you, and my opinion should appear to you at least the most disinterested. Many of these persons (pointing to the instigators of the crime) excite your resentment as much as possible, and drive you to the most sanguinary measures, without in the least troubling themselves about the opinion that will be entertained of you beyond this island." These last words made the greatest impression on the mind of Soulouque, and the hand of the conqueror ready to strike the conquered was arrested by this appeal to the tribunal of civilized nations. Soulouque for the last two years was principally occupied in reconquering the Spanish part of the island, erected into the Dominican Republic, when, to the surprise of the European press, he was proclaimed Emperor. People have generally agreed in saying that he did not solicit

this advancement; and, at any rate, he did not make himself a plagiarist of an idea which has always been attributed to another President.

The name of emperor expresses nothing Napoleon-like at Haiti; it supposes only an authority better respected than that of president, and recalls to the Haitian the popular recollection of Dessalines, who, in reward of the services rendered to his country, had been proclaimed Emperor. The following is, in few terms, the way in which the change in the form of government was brought about:—A certain number of military and civil citizens addressed, on the 20th of August, 1849, a petition to the Chamber of Representatives, demanding that the title of Emperor should be conferred on his Excellency the President Soulouque. General Vil Lubin, commandant of the garrison of Port-au-Prince, expressed the same wish, as well as the principal officers present in the capital. On the 25th the chamber took cognizance of the petition, approved it, and transmitted it on the same day to the senate, who gave it their sanction. Not a voice was raised in defence of the expiring republic. On the 26th, the two great bodies of the state conveyed his promotion to Soulouque, accompanied with a crown and a cross, and expressing their devotion in the most monarchical terms. The *coup d'état*, if such it be, was accomplished with the legal forms, and met with no opposition anywhere. The constitution was immediately put into harmony with the new order of things. Such as it is at present, it guarantees the essential rights of citizens, and leaves, in appearance, little latitude to arbitrary proceedings. Unfortunately here, as elsewhere, practice continually contradicts theory. Entering completely into his imperial role, Faustin I. did not delay creating orders and titles of nobility. He is greatly honoured for this conception, so favourably received by the Haitians, who, amongst other resemblances to their former rulers, have always been as vain as cocks. There are at present two orders in the empire—the military order of St. Faustin, and the civil order of the Legion of Honour. The Emperor proclaimed himself the grand master, and has made grand crosses, and commanders, and knights. The titles are those of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights. The princes and the dukes have been chosen amongst the generals of division and the vice-admirals; the counts amongst the generals of brigade and the rear-admirals; the barons amongst the adjutant-generals, the colonels, and captains of the navy; the knights amongst the lieutenant-colonels and commanders of the navy. An assimilation of grades has been in some measure established between the civil and the military functionaries. The senators, the representatives, the judges, the superior officers of the customs, &c., are all barons. For the women, besides the feminine of the titles accorded to the men, there exists the special title of Marchioness. The first ordonnance decrees the creation of four princes and fifty-seven dukes. The Princes, named at the same time Marshals of the Empire, were the Generals Pierrot, Lazare, Souffrand, and Bobo. They receive with the title of Most Serene Highness that of Lord. To the ducal quality is attached the title of his Grace, and the name of some locality. From this latter circumstance arise the denominations which have led astray the European and American journals. Thus, General Geffard is Duke of the Table, General Luiding is Duke of Marmalade, General Segretier Duke of Frose-Bonbon, General Alberti Duke of Lemonade, &c. But the Table, Marmalade, Frose-Bonbon, Lemonade, &c. are all places marked in the ancient geography of the country. King Christopher already made use of them for the same purpose as Soulouque, and wittily said, "The French, when they laugh at my marmalade and lemonade, forget that they have amongst themselves *des Poir* and *des Bouillon*." These two illustrious names are certainly lost in the darkness of time; but have we not seen in our own day M. Salvandy desirous of being called the Count de Chante-Merle? The princes and the dukes are all grand crosses of the order of St. Faustin, and all have the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. Another ordonnance produced at once ninety-one counts. They are all styled Excellence, and their titles, like those of the Dukes, are taken from different localities. Thus we have, amongst others, the Count de la Seringue, the Count de Guepes, the Count de Diamant, the Count de Perches, the Count de la Bombardie, &c. All the counts are commanders of the order of St. Faustin, and officers of the Legion of Honour. More prodigal of his favours as he descends in the scale of aristocracy, the Emperor has created an innumerable mass of barons and knights. Louis XIV., in the midst of his splendours, did not perhaps imagine as many honorary changes as the Emperor Faustin. Amongst his household figure a grand almoner, a grand master of the pantry, a grand marshal of the palace, a quarter master, gentlemen of honour, governors of the royal palaces and

castles, pages, masters of ceremonies, librarians, heralds-at-arms, &c. The Empress Adeline has likewise her household, which is composed of a grand almoner, two ladies of honour, two tire-women, fifty-six ladies of the palace, twenty-two ladies of the chapel (all duchesses, countesses, baronesses, ladies of knights, or marchionesses), chamberlains, grooms, pages, &c. The Imperial Princess, Madame Olivia Faustine, possesses an equally brilliant household. Her gouvernante is Madame le Chevalier de Bonheur. The costume of the nobility has been regulated with particular care. The princes, dukes and counts must wear white tunics, the barons red coats, and the knights blue coats. They are moreover distinguished by the number of plumes in their hats. The princes have nine, the dukes seven, the counts five, the barons three, and the knights two. An ordinance decrees in minute terms the etiquette of the court. The gentlemen must appear in uniform; the ladies in full dress. "The nobles guard their swords," the ordinance says, "as their finest ornament." The *tabouret* is reserved for the princes and princesses, the dukes and duchesses, whilst folding chairs are allowed to counts and countesses, barons and baronesses, knights and their ladies. Soulouque is actively occupied in raising Haiti to the height of the ancient monarchies of Europe. Ideas of war engage him without intermission—a brave soldier, he is determined to efface the defeat of Azud, where a few hundred Dominicans, profiting by the inaction of the Haitian army gained an easy victory. Two war steamers have been ordered in Europe. The campaign is to open next month. The chances appear very bad for St. Domingo, the population of which is only about 150,000, whilst that of Haiti is upwards of 600,000. The unfortunate republic has already in vain appealed to the protection of France and England, and now solicits the intervention of a power of the second order. Reduced to extremities, she may cast herself into the arms of the United States; such an eventuality might occasion grave complications. What especially encourages Soulouque in his warlike projects, is that the excellent sale of coffee, the principal article of export, increases greatly the resources of this year. The system of monopoly introduced by the Minister of Finance, M. Solomon, has been crowned with complete success, however contrary it may appear to sound notions of political economy. The ordinary revenue of Haiti is valued at about 240,000*fr.*, official situations are paid accordingly. The emperor receives about 3,200*fr.* a year, the empress from 1,000*fr.* to 1,200*fr.*, the three ministers have each a little less than 120*fr.* a year as their salary. The French indemnity weighs heavily on the budget. The clergy costs very little, there are not more than forty-eight priests in the whole bounds of the empire. People have been mistaken when they spoke of the influence of the Jesuits at the Court of Port-au-Prince. The Haitian territory is closed against all monastic orders. The vicar-apostolic, the Abbé Cessens, who has been represented as the agent of the disciples of Loyola, strictly confines himself to the religious duties of his charge. As for the authority of the ministers it is to be wished that it were somewhat greater. They are men of acknowledged merit. M. Dufresne, Minister of Foreign affairs, of the Interior, of War, and of Marine, would shine in the most civilized countries. He is a clear mulatto. M. Solomon, Minister of Finance and of Commerce, and M. Francisque, Minister of Justice and of Worship, are jet black. In conclusion, and to resume my general impressions of Haiti, I must say that I found the elements of civilization in a country which has been supposed to be completely plunged in barbarism. In all social relations I have only had to congratulate myself on the character of the inhabitants. The highways afforded a security which appears fabulous. In the towns I met all the charms of civilized life. The graces of the ladies of Port-au-Prince will never be effaced from my recollection.

FICTION.

The Ojibway Conquest: a Tale of the North-West. By KAB-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH, or G. COPWAY, Chief of the Ojibway Nation. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

FANCY the door of an English drawing-room thrown open, and the rustling of silks and curious glances that would ensue on the announcement of a guest by the euphonious name of KAB-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH! Hardly less was our surprise on seeing a book by such an author laid on our library table: nor was that surprise diminished by an examination of its

contents. We were prepared to find some things to interest us, and a good many things to make allowance for; but not to find a work, written by an Indian Chief, quite fit to establish for itself a place of esteem among the public, without any particular call on their good-nature—to claim approbation, considered simply on its own merits, without reference to the accident of its singular authorship; for singular it appears to us, however it may appear to our friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. COPWAY (as we suppose we must call the author, though it irks us much to adopt the English appellation) tells us in a note that at one time all the country lying south and west of the head of Lake Superior, once belonged to the Sioux tribe; but that a considerable portion of their ancient territory was conquered from them by the Ojibways, their constant foes. He adds, "Tradition says that the last decisive battle was fought near the islands of the south-west end of the Superior, known as the 'Apostle Islands.'" It is on this circumstance that the following tale is founded. Our space will only allow us to give our readers a general idea of the character of this poetical narrative. It opens with a pleasing description of

THE ST. LOUIS.

There is a stream that hath its rise
Beneath the veil of northern skies,
Where frosts, and snows eternal meet
In wild array the wanderer's feet,
And all above, beneath, around,
Is fast in icy fetters bound;
A gloomy, wild, and dreary waste
As ever eye of man embraced;
Where shrub, if shrub perchance be there
Blooms not, as elsewhere, fresh and fair;
But stunted, bare, and small of growth,
It nestles to the earth as loath
To spread its branches where the breeze
Which passes, kisses but to freeze;
And if a flower should rear its head
From such inhospitable bed,
It is a flower which doth not blight
By frosts that clothe its leaves in white,
But smiles o'er from its bed of snow,
Like Hope upon the lap of woe.
The reindeer there, roams fleet and free,
And men as wild and fleet as he—
Though small in size, of iron mould,—
No fear of storms—no thought of cold—
With limbs unchilled, unslackened pace,
They fleetly follow in the chase,
From dawn till twilight paints the West,
Without a moment lent to rest—
Then stretched at length upon the snows,
Till morn they find a sweet repose.

There are no doubt things in this passage which might be pointed out as faults, but they are only such as practice will enable the author to correct; and there are the real evidences of the poet's playful fancy. Let us hear the way in which this poetical chief utters forth his love of nature in

THE STREAM.

The vale through which thy waters sweep
The forest shade, the craggy steep,
The cataract whose thunder fills
The echoes of an hundred hills,
The deep ravine, the precious mine,
Whose ores beneath thy current shine.
Such is the path thy waters take,
Ere lost within the Ocean Lake.
O! often on thy limpid stream,
Hid from the noon-tide's sultry beam,
By trees, whose giant branches cast
A deep shade o'er me as I passed,
Hath my light bark now danced along
To music of some carol'd song,—
Or floating, like the lightest bird,
Has only with the current stirred,
While I have passed hour after hour,
Beneath the scene's enchanting power,—
The sweetest perfume on the air
From thousand wild flowers growing there.—
And colours of the brightest hue
On every side that met the view;
The wild rose, with its sweets beguiling,
Along the shore so brightly smiling,
Whose petals falling on the waves,
Their own hue to the current gave;
The mellow light of different dyes
Which came from forest-shaded skies;—

The stillness, over all that dwelt,
So deep it could almost be felt;—
All these have held me many a day
A willing captive to their sway.

O, who that has a heart to feel,
Would barter one such hour as this,
For all the gay world can reveal,
Or all it ever knew of bliss!

The tale is of very simple construction, and has not many incidents. It is no more complicated than was necessary to bring in the amount of imaginative description and pathetic emotion which the author wished to express. Of course there is plenty of fighting! and of course there is a love story. The lovers belong to opposing tribes, and their attachment has a tragical end. They part on the eve of the decisive battle, and the unhappy maiden dies of pain at the parting:

THE REQUIEM.

The eve that gathered o'er the water
Yet crimson with the recent slaughter,
Came slowly, beautifully on;
And when its last faint hues were gone,
Shadowed in the embrace of night,
The moon and stars looked down as bright
As though no scenes of carnage lay
Where now their beams so sweetly stray.
Chance led, at this delightful hour,
A band of maidens to the bower
Where Me-me and her lover parted
The night before, so broken-hearted;
And there, upon a mossy bed
Lay Me-me, silent, cold, and dead.
With the last look on lover cast,
Her gentle spirit sweetly passed,—
And now she lay in cold Death sleeping,
Their watch the wild flowers o'er her keeping,—
And, as they waved with the soft sigh
Of the night-zephyrs passing by,
Wept dewy tears o'er one so fair,
Lying like blighted rose-bud there,
And poured the fragrance of their breath
To hallow such a trifling death.
When first beheld, the maidens deemed
"Mid flowers and moon-beam's light they dreamed;
But when they gathered near and felt,
As by their side they fondly knelt,
That Death's rude fingers had impressed
Their icy touch upon her breast,
Stillling each throb of bliss or pain
Beyond the power to beat again—
A wailing, low-like sighing tone
Of winds, when through the trees they moan,
While all around beside was hushed,
From their full bosoms sadly gushed.
"Heart of our hearts, farewell, farewell!"
Thus rose the dirge's plaintive swell.

Ere the sad tones had left the ear,
An airy spirit hovering near,
Caught up again the lingering strains,
And in such music as enchains
The raptured heart in childhood's dreams,
When in some fairy land it deems,
"Mid bright ethereal forms, it dwells,
The requiem around them swells.

There's a bower prepared in the land of the blest,
Where the young, and the pure, and the lovely shall rest,
Who have left the sad earth, where the tempests that rushed
O'er their sensitive bosoms, for ever are hushed.

O, the heart of the dead beat too warmly for earth,
Like a bird in the far sunny south that had birth,
But which wandered where winds from the northern sky passed,
Where it sang one sweet strain, then sank in the blast.

So the soul that once dwelt in that fair form of clay,
Over which you now weep, that it thus passed away,
Like that bird, hovered near you, then went to its rest,
In the sweet spirit-home, in the land of the west.

There is another stanza, but we do not give it, because it is tame and meagre, and seems to us to spoil the rest. We think there is great beauty in the image in the second stanza which we have marked with italics. From the extracts we have given, our readers will perceive that Mr. COPWAY is no mere prosaic rhymist, and that, whatever opportunities of cultivation he has enjoyed, he has diligently availed himself of them. He has our best wishes for the success of the present publication.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Selections from the Poems and Works of Theodore Körner. By the Translator of the "Niebelungen-Treasure." London: Williams and Norgate.

THERE are few of our readers who have not somewhere heard of the German Poet KÖRNER; yet we doubt whether his works are really much known in this country. That they possess no ordinary merit, the mere fact of a translation of them into our language, nearly forty years after their author's death, would of itself be a sufficient indication; but no book commands such rapid admiration and popularity as are extorted by the events of a noble and brilliant career. Therefore, however meritorious in themselves the poems now brought before the public may be, it is not surprising, nor is it any detracting from their merit, that they should be less known to Englishmen than their author personally is; and we may predict for them a favourable reception, not only on the intrinsic ground of their own excellence, but also from their association with the youthful patriot and bard whose romantic and sorrowful story is calculated to awaken so deep and general a sympathy. Hitherto, KÖRNER has been estimated chiefly by means of a few detached pieces, most of them of a martial character, but some of them also breathing a spirit of the tenderest pathos, which had been well rendered into English, and at once gained for themselves a worthy place among the class of poems to which they belong; but we doubt whether many have thought of him much in the character of a regular dramatist. It was, indeed, far more the charm of his passionate and impulsive nature, the nobleness of his aspirations, and the heroism of his actions, that gained for him his general fame at the first; and if such an expression be allowable, we would say that it was the thoroughly human character of his genius, rather than any startling originality either in the character or the order of his conceptions, that placed him in a position which so few, even of those who have striven for it long and patiently, succeed in attaining. He had not only those traits which attract admiration,—the resolute will, the high independence, the stern rectitude, the unblenching fortitude, the strong and masterful intellect; but besides these, he was strongly marked by those moral attributes which awaken a warmer sentiment than admiration, and gain for their possessor the cordial affection of generous hearts. And thus it is that KÖRNER, the man, has been the object of popular idolatry, at least as much as KÖRNER the poet. We trust it will not be imagined that, in remarks such as these, we are seeking to detract from the literary reputation of this remarkable man, or endeavouring to depreciate him in the eyes of those with whom he has hitherto been a hero or an idol, even on grounds not very distinct and intelligible. On the contrary, we believe that the judgment in his favour has been just, in spite of the scanty materials on which it has been founded; and that the reputation which has been accorded to fragmentary efforts of his genius, or rested on vague legends of his poetical achievements, will now, in consequence of the publication of the present volume, be established on a far securer basis.

The translator has omitted from the present collection such of the poems as were very familiarly known; and has only given English

versions of such as may be considered new. He has also prefixed a brief memoir of the Poet. In this memoir there are of course not many incidents recorded, and none of any peculiar interest until KÖRNER resolved to take up arms in defence of his country. His military career, though brief, was marked by the same ardent and heroic spirit which finds utterance in his cause; and it was in the moment of victory that he received his fatal wound. His biographer adds:—

The hero and the poet had perished as he had lived—his sword defending that holy cause which his verse had sung. His pallid lips still wore a smile, as though his spirit rejoiced in this free and glorious termination to his earthly career; and foresaw the deliverance of his country, in which his own heroic verse had so powerfully aided. The remains of the young poet were interred beneath an oak near the hamlet of Viblin, with military honours, amid the deepest and most unaffected sorrow. Thus perished Theodore Körner, at the age of twenty-two, a rare example of genius, warm sensibilities, and ardent patriotism. Standing on the very threshold of existence, with all her richest and most precious gifts spread out before him, as though to lure him on to their enjoyment, he yet hesitated not to forsake the bright career opening to his view, to dedicate himself to the service of his native land, and perish if need be, in her defence.

We learn that, among the other circumstances which threw a peculiar melancholy over his sad lot, was the fact that he was the accepted lover of a "young, beautiful, and accomplished" lady, who "seemed formed by nature to become the companion of his life, and partner of his destiny." The biographer adds, "the poet does not sleep alone. Beside him lies the companion of his infancy, the loved and loving sister, whom grief for his loss soon brought to an untimely end. The same tomb now contains his bereaved parents." But what sarcastic imp was at her elbow, to lead her to conclude the mournful story with this piece of wickedness:—"His betrothed bride is, we believe, still living and happily married?" Yet, why should such a piece of matter-of-fact shock our sentimentalism? We ought rather to hail every such practical illustration of the fact, that there is no sorrow inconsolable, and that whatever may be the wounds of the bleeding heart, yet "time cures all." It was the just saying of another noble German—JEAN PAUL, "the first thing we have to contend against in sorrow, as in anger, is its poisonous enervating sweetness, which we are so loath to exchange for the labour of consoling ourselves, and to drive away by the effort of reason."

We return from this digression, however, to make a few brief remarks on the writings of KÖRNER. Unquestionably there have been extremely few who could have left so substantial a record of so brief and so troubled a career. And the question cannot fail to suggest itself,—if, in spite of the excitement into which KÖRNER passionately threw himself, and the immense occupation of time and energy which these necessarily demanded of him, he could at that early age leave behind him such memorials as these, what might not have been looked for from that ardent heart, that fine imagination, that noble vein of sentiment, and that indefatigable industry, had time enabled him to put forth all their maturer power, and to develop all the wealth of their secret resources? It is as if we had been introduced into the studio of an artist surprised by death in the midst of his preparatory labours and his half-elaborated designs, and, looking round us

on the wonderful fragments, were left to imagine all that would have been conveyed in the finished works of whose beauties and perfections these are the preparatory indications. The creative spirit has fled to its eternal home, and the plastic hand is stiff and cold; but these are the imperfect monuments of their power, and the faint prophetic signs of what they might have achieved.

We cannot undertake to analyse any of the dramas in the present volume; nor is it necessary that we should. The years that have elapsed since they were first brought out, have tested their worth, and stamped upon them a character of excellence which no later criticisms could procure. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few passages, taken at random from the different pieces. The reader will thus have an opportunity of appreciating their peculiar beauties. He will have an opportunity, also, of seeing that, though KÖRNER's present translator speaks of GÖTTE and SCHILLER as the writers after whom he has formed his style, yet he has invariably chosen far safer and correcter models than the former, at least. There are occasional resemblances to SCHILLER, but, as is the case in all the imitations of genius, where these resemblances are most apparent, there are also present the most striking proofs of KÖRNER's originality.

The first passage we shall quote is from *Rosamond*. In this drama our own "*Fair Rosamond*,"—the gentle heroine of many a touching English ballad, is exhibited by KÖRNER, in very much such a manner as Sir WALTER SCOTT has described AMY ROBERT, in her love-bower; and the following is the description of her grief on finding how deeply she had been wronged and betrayed:

Most calm

And holy is the beauteous lady's grief;
Too deep for words, too sacred is her woe!
She motion'd us to leave her. Sarah linger'd,
And at her silent bidding, to her arms
Her smiling infants led: the hours passed on.
No longer able to endure the pause,
I ventur'd to the chamber. Speechless, there,
Her eyes fix'd sadly on her babes, I found her;
The lovely image of submissive woe,
So pale, so beautiful! She saw me not;
She did not mark the children as they wound
Their little arms around her: true, her eye
Hung on their well-known features, but the mind
Reflected not the image it beheld.
Thus she remained till early morning dawned.
Serenely on her knees the infants slept;
But save the hearing of her troubled breast,
No sign betrayed that life still linger'd there.
At length, as from the sable arms of night
Rosalind and gay the morn came laughing forth,
She seem'd to wake once more to life and grief.
Slowly she raised her hands and eyes to heaven,
Sank weakly on her knees as if in prayer,
Clasped her still sleeping infants to her breast;
Press'd one long fervent kiss on their young lips,
And softly murmur'd, "Carry them to rest."
I bore the children, Sarah followed me.
Soon we returned: the chamber-door we found
Fast closed, and through the casement we beheld
The lovely sufferer prostrate on her knees,
While all the pent-up anguish of her heart
Found vent at length in sad yet healing tears.

There is something noble, also, in the appeal ROSAMOND is represented as making to HENRY on their meeting once more, after the discovery of his true name and character. She is entreating him to part from her for ever, and thus concludes:

No, if I still would love thee, we must part.
Apart from thee this love will be indeed
A priceless treasure to my aching heart.
Near thee, it is a crime, a deadly crime!

Henry, this once, this once, subdue thyself!
True, thou hast err'd; all men are prone to err,
Let the atonement expiate the guilt.
As sovereign thou art mighty and renowned;
Thy fame as statesman, warrior, hero, king,
Will stand recorded bright in history's page:
Be greater still as man. Full well I know
How oft, alas! the mighty of the earth

Trample on laws for meaner mortals framed,
And with presumptuous scorn their barriers spurn,—
But say, who framed those laws? An innate sense
Of right and justice, in the monarch's soul,
As clearly stamp'd as in the lowliest hind!
No earthly punishment hast thou to fear,
For thou art king: no judge hast thou to dread
Save Him who reigns above. Thine is the power,
To violate that law which bids us part.
But oh! be thine the glory, the renown,
To sacrifice to that thy fondest hopes,
Even though thy Rosamond must be the victim.
Obedience in the lowly, in the weak
Is little merit—for no choice remains;
But when a spirit lofty, stern, and high,
Lifted by destiny above control,
Bows its unfetter'd neck beneath the law,
And on the shrine of duty offers up
Love, hope, and joy! Oh, then indeed return
The golden days that poets fondly sing.

This speech is somewhat marred by the tendency to moralize, which we observe about the middle of it; but this fault is nobly redeemed by the vigour and passion of the close. The faults of the dramatic pieces in the present volume, are chiefly in the design and structure,—such faults as it only needed time and practice to overcome; but their poetical beauties are so great that the dramatic defects may easily escape observation. We had intended to make an extract from the play of *Hedwig*—perhaps the most defective in the volume, as to incident and plot, but inferior to none in the power of some of its detached passages. Our space, however, will not admit of any extract long enough to do justice, either to the dead author or the living translator. We must, therefore, content ourselves with selecting two of the shorter pieces. The first is a fine burst of martial enthusiasm, and is entitled

THE SONG OF THE BLACK HUNTSMAN.

On to the field! Spirits of vengeance move us;
On, Germans! on with me!
On to the field! our standards wave above us,
And lead to victory!

Small is our band, but strong is our reliance
Upon a righteous Lord;
To every art of hell we bid defiance,
He is our shield and sword.

No quarter, friends! high wield your weapons! cheerily,—
Death be the Frenchman's doom!
And every drop of blood—oh! sell it dearly;—
There's freedom in the tomb!

Still do we wear the funeral garb of sorrow
For our departed fame,
And do ye ask, what means the hue we borrow?
Vengeance! that is its name.

God to our side! our righteous cause, victorious
The star of peace shall shine,
And we will plant the standard proud and glorious,
Beside our own free Rhine.

As a specimen of an amorous poem of the most refined class, take

IN THE NIGHT.

Yes, thou art near! A thin partition solely
Parts me from thee;
Thou dreamest in thy slumbers, pure and holy,
Perchance of me!

Upon that pillow, where thy virgin beauty
May oft recline;
Now throbs a heart burning with love and duty
To lay before thy shrine.

A thousand flowers of fond desire are wreathing
Their blossoms near;
As though the spirit of thy dreams were breathing
His whispers in mine ear.

O'er my dark locks a fairy breath is stealing
With motion sweet;
The strange foreboding wakes each secret feeling,
My pulses cease to beat!

It was thy spirit! Oh, how fair though fleeting!
I knew thy kiss:
The sweet melodious warbling of thy greeting,
Revealed my bliss.

It was thy spirit! Love's own breath was o'er me.
Oh moments bright!
Would that thy curtain still veiled all before me,
Thou lovely, lovely night!

With this extract we must close the present article; only adding that it would be difficult to speak in exaggerated terms of the meritorious manner in which the translator has discharged her duty to her author. A. R.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Les Deux Perroquets: ouvrage Français Destiné à Faciliter aux Anglais la Conversation Élégante, la Lettre et le Billet. A l'usage des Dames, des Jeunes Filles, et des Enfants. Par une DAME. London: Nutt. 1850.

A VOLUME of dialogues, by an authoress who has had the courage to escape from the trammels which the form of all books of like pretension hitherto published seems to have imposed. She uses the phrases and idioms that are really and constantly used in conversation and literature by the French—not those which compilers of hand-books and of guides to conversation, make for them. It will be of great assistance to students of the French language who require helps to the attainment of conversational phrases and idioms.

The Bible History, for the use of Schools and Young Persons. By J. M. CAPE, M.A. Burns and Lambert. 1850.

It is almost impossible to express approval or disapproval of a book of this sort, because the form of such expression would depend upon our religious sentiments, and be possessed of value or not according to the religious opinions of each of our readers. Bible histories are all written to suit the opinions or the prejudices of a particular sect, and, therefore, as a means of conveying facts in their simplest and truest aspect, cannot be depended upon. Hence, they tend to foster in the child's mind, ideas, and in its heart feelings, which much after-education and self-discipline are not proof against. Mr. CAPE's history is strictly Romish—"has been revised by two Catholic clergymen, with the approval of the Right Reverend the Vicar Apostolic of the London District." We explain thus much, not to derogate from the work, but, as is our duty, truly to show its bias. As might be supposed, the miracles of the New Testament have great prominence in its pages.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Commercial Hand-Book of Chemical Analysis; or Practical Instructions for the Determination of the Intrinsic or Commercial Value of Substances used in Manufactures, in Trades, and in the Arts. By A. NORMANDY, Author of "Practical Introduction to Rose's Chemistry," and Editor of Rose's "Treatise of Chemical Analysis." London: George Knight & Sons. 1850.

MR. NORMANDY very sensibly remarks that, "If one of the powerful characteristics of our epoch, in a commercial point of view, is the immense progress which every department of productive industry has achieved, it must be admitted that the arts of adulteration and sophistication have more than kept pace with that progress. These arts have invaded the luxuries and necessities of both the rich and the poor—raiment, food, medicine, furniture, the means of life, and the requirements of disease; all that can be mixed, hackled, twisted, ground, pulverized, woven, pressed—all articles of consumption, in trade, in manufactures, in the arts, in a word, all that can be made matter of commerce and be sold, is adulterated, falsified, disguised, or drugged."

It would be curious to inquire how much law-makers and administrators are to be blamed for this evil—how far the greedy desire for gain, prevalent among traders, has been influential in causing it—to how great an extent the public themselves are blameable for running after "the cheap," and thus creating a great and unhealthy competition, which acts in all respects detrimentally. But enough that the evil does exist, undermining the health of the poor who cannot help themselves, and in the end impoverishing the rich and the less poor, on whom the burden of maintaining men and women, whose constitutions have been weakened, and whose energies have been prematurely cut off—must inevitably fall.

MR. NORMANDY says the evil is so monstrous as to require some legislative interference. He deems that so corrupt a body as the Excise is neither competent or trustworthy, as experience proves; and that a Board of Health should be appointed to examine our commercial productions, and to see that adulterators be punished.

In the meantime he has done good service to the cause of the public by the compilation of the book before us. His aim has been to show how the articles most commonly in daily use are adulterated, and how adulteration may be detected. He writes more for the multitude and not merely for chemical students. But we cannot expect for his book that it will have a wide sphere of usefulness. The world goes too fast even to refer to it. The great majority of consumers have not even the time or the sense to follow its advice.

The plan of the work is very comprehensive, and as we have before said, it is suited to general readers. No domestic establishment should be without it, for its advice is valuable on most of the subjects of which it treats. We might, for instance, name the articles on wine, beer, tea, chocolate, coffee, and several others. A chemical classification and nomenclature, and a glossary, are given at the close of the volume, which, although it is as free from technicalities as it was possible to make it, yet necessarily contains much that the unprofessional reader will require further information upon. These addenda will furnish such needed information.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

THE social progress of a nation is closely allied to, and dependant on, its economical appliances. In accordance with the existence of helps to providence, so is the disposition to be provident, found to exist. The value of co-operative institutions has been displayed to a much greater extent of late years than it ever was before. And it is seen, too, in various countries, in proportion as the freedom and liberties of people are developed and matured. For instance, Russia can produce no such excellent example of the working of this principle as can England; and even England is far behind America in the degree to which the latent genius of its people has been evoked by the fostering aid of associations, whose great aim is progress, and whose great instrument is co-operation.

Yet England has advanced very far on the road of improvement. Our assurance offices, our educational societies, our railways are evidences of the good which combination can effect. But the Scotch have an improvement in the Banking system, which, until very lately, we had not adopted.

Strange as it may seem, and notwithstanding the vast improvements of late years, our Banking by no means partakes of the associative principle of the age—the principle of mutual aid. At least, wherever the plan of mutual aid has been made a feature of Banking, it has been confined to special and selected cases. The Scotch have been wiser. They have regarded Banks as institutions which should not only receive the deposits of prosperous men, but the savings or the floating capital of all men—which should help by small advances in time of great need, and which should also allow a good interest for any constant balance in a current account. This is what we have called a temptation to be provident—an institution which encourages the saving. How often are even provident, industrious, and honest men of small capital, wrecked in fortune for the lack of that temporary accommodation which the Royal British Bank (founded in London on the Scotch system) will make a peculiar feature of its administration? That Banks should have so long remained institutions for the mere con-

venience of the capitalist, and for accumulating profit to the banker, we are surprised. That an example has been set of the value of a different mode of transacting Banking business, we congratulate the community. And our satisfaction is much enhanced when we observe that the experiment is no longer an experiment, but a perfect success. Knowing, as we do, the emulative and practical character of Englishmen, we cannot but expect that a step so gratifying to Social Reformers, and forming so great an aid to the spread of morality, will soon be followed by others who will find in an extended sphere of usefulness also an enhanced profit. In any event the community must be a great gainer, as it ever is from the confirmation of any principle which has the co-operation of large numbers as a leading element of its nature.

SMALL BOOKS.

Review of the Report by the General Board of Health on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis, by SAMUEL COLLETT KOMERSHAM, C.E., is an attempt to prove that the Board of Health are blundering on the subject of a water supply, and that the Watford Company ought to be supported.—*Oxford Unmasked*, by a GRADUATE, is the fifth edition of a pamphlet that has already done much toward directing attention to the necessity of university reform. The author has added a preface showing the progress of the question from the time of his first publication, eight years ago, to the appointment of the Royal Commission of Enquiry in accordance with Lord JOHN RUSSELL's proposition.—*Memorial Lines on Sir Robert Peel*, by JOSEPH ARNOULD, Esq., are brief, but rather exaggerated in tone—suitable to the period, however.—*The Interpretation attempted of the Phenician Verses found in the Papyrus of Plautus*, by WILLIAM BEESTON, of Lincoln's-inn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Critical and Historical Tracts. By JOSEPH HUNTER. No. 1. "Agincourt." London: John R. Smith. 1850.

MR. HUNTER is in a position of peculiar advantage for the prosecution of such researches as this series contemplates; and he has wisely resolved to make the public participants in the benefits he enjoys. The name, however, hardly indicates with sufficient accuracy the nature of these tracts. If we may judge by this first number, we should say that they are not properly "historical" at all. They have to do rather with the materials out of which history is made than with history itself; and will be interesting to those who wish to investigate for themselves, and to verify their historical knowledge by a reference to the authorities. They will also have an interest to a much larger class—the dabbles in antiquities and heraldry.

It is MR. HUNTER's object, in the present tract, to offer an accurate account of those who took part in that celebrated French expedition which the name of Agincourt recalls to every one. He merely gives the persons, but not any biographical notice of them; and he takes some pains to state the sources from which his evidence is obtained. He only undertakes to show who *certainly* were engaged in that expedition; but disclaims any intention or power of proving that others, whose descendants may claim for them the honour, *certainly* were not, in it. He has not availed himself of the MS. lists at the Museum and Herald's College, nor of the national records of that period, nor of any aid derived from printed histories; being

satisfied that the evidence to be obtained from them is of inferior value to that supplied by the particular documents to which he has had recourse.

The first class of evidence on which he relies certainly seems the most satisfactory, if obtainable, viz., the Indentures into which the king's followers entered, to serve him for a fixed period, and on clearly defined conditions. Next to this there was a second class of indentures—those for Prest Money—or, payment for a quarter's service in advance; and after this, Indentures entered into between the king and the nobles who accompanied him, by which the former "not only agreed to engage the service of the lords and others, on certain terms, but placed in their hands articles of plate, jewellery, and even crowns and coronets, in pledge for the payment of the stipulated *radia* and *regardum*, when the service had been rendered." This last was called the Indenture of *Jewels in Pawn*. But many of these documents have perished entirely, or been so much injured by those to whose keeping they were formerly entrusted, as to have lost much of their value. The defective information arising from this cause, however, Mr. HUNTER has endeavoured to supplement from another source, viz., the Accounts presented to the Exchequer after the expedition was over, for payment of the sum stipulated in the indenture. We refer our readers to the tract itself for the accidental circumstance which gave these accounts a degree of particularity rendering their evidence doubly important, in reference to the names of those engaged in the expedition, and the mortality that took place in the course of it. These documents, however, have been treated with the same carelessness and neglect as the others, and, with the exception of a few that had been left safe in their original repositories, have been much damaged and mixed with other matter. Besides the Indentures and Accounts, Mr. HUNTER has also made use of a few miscellaneous records, such as, notices of the issue of wine from the king's stores, to the sick at Harfleur; a roll of about 1,000 names of persons reported sick; documents relating to the agreement made by the ten knights and esquires of Lancashire, to bring, each, fifty archers into the field, &c. &c.

Lastly, we are told that the most authentic document of all is irrecoverably lost, the Roll prepared by the Comptroller of the King's Household, of all who were in the battle. There is no doubt whatever that such a roll was made, and delivered into the Exchequer.

Having given the information which we have now abridged, Mr. HUNTER then furnishes us with specimen-copies of three kinds of indentures, and a copy of "The Writ to the Treasurer and Barons to Account." Last of all comes a complete catalogue of that gallant array.

No Library of Reference will be complete without a copy of the valuable series of tracts, of which Mr. HUNTER has thus given us an instalment; and many private students at a distance from the Metropolis will thank him for the assistance his published labours will afford in the prosecution of researches in the byways of history.

Astoria; or, Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Routledge and Co. 1850. (Popular Library.)

THE favour with which *Astoria* was originally received, and the estimation in which it has since been held,

make it a desirable volume for a popular series. Mr. ROUTLEDGE has done well by adding it to his edition of IRVING's works. The typography is excellent.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. No. 25. Mr. WHITLEY's prize essay "On the Climate of the British Islands in its Effects on Cultivation" is given entire. A more valuable aid for the scientific or practical agriculturist could not be compiled. Altogether there are twenty-one papers in the part, the majority of them practically useful. Among the contributors are the most eminent chemists and agriculturists of the time.

Illustrations of Useful Plants employed in the Art of Medicine, &c. By M. A. BURNETT. The August part contains "Tussilago Farfara—Colt's-foot," with a large coloured illustration; and "Pachypodium Tuberum—Tuberous Pachypodium," also with an illustration. There are, beside, the necessary title-page, indices, &c. for volume the fourth.

The Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal, for August, has a very large engraving of the Magazine for Corn at Nowogiergiewsk, Russia, and full letter-press description. There are also numerous engravings, plans, &c. and some twenty different papers on subjects suitable to those for whom the work is intended.

IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

[NOTE.—Desirous of giving to Irish Literature the attention it deserves, THE CRITIC will devote a department to it under the above title, which will be edited at Dublin, and Irish books for review, &c., should be forwarded to Mr. Maguire, Bookseller, Dublin, for "The Editor."]

(From our Dublin Correspondent.)

The Select Speeches of the late Peter Burrowes, Esq., K. C., with a Memoir. By WALDRON BURROWES, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1850.

THE career of a man who appeared on the public stage for nearly sixty years, who canvassed an English borough on behalf of Flood in 1783, and addressed a meeting in Dublin in 1838, is one which is calculated to present to a reader many points of interest. The period thus covered is perhaps the most interesting in the history of the human race. The two French Revolutions, the struggles of NAPOLEON for a world's empire, England's defence, against tremendous odds, of her national existence, the birth and progress of opinions at first called anarchical, but now barely considered liberal, all are comprised in the era of which we write. And while the old world was the scene of these startling events, a new empire had grown up into gigantic proportions beyond the Atlantic. During this time Ireland presented to the historical student many subjects for contemplation. The eighteen years' career of an independent Parliament, the horrors of '98, the Union, the "thirty years' war" for Catholic emancipation, are to be found within the limits we have mentioned; and with some of these themes the name of PETER BURROWES is associated. His career, as a lawyer, was highly distinguished, not, indeed, by great official rewards (for he was not well treated by those who owed him much, and who left him on the Insolvent Court bench where men of far less desert were promoted to the highest judicial seats), but by the inflexible integrity which marked his professional conduct, and by the eloquence with which he led his hearers captive.

Amongst the bar speeches in the volume before us, those in the College election petition, in the case of the Catholic delegates of 1811; and in the case of *Robinson v. Berry*, indicate the possession of great powers. The parliamentary speeches delivered by BURROWES in

the Irish House of Commons, in its last session, are well deserving of perusal. The memoir is a clear and well-written narrative of BURROWES' career, and of the principal Irish events of the times in which he lived. The author states that he was principally induced to give the volume to the public in consequence of some errors respecting his distinguished relative, which occurred in a memoir which appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*. We subjoin a few extracts.

DUEL WITH MR. BUTLER.

The late Lord Mountgarret (afterward Earl of Kilkenny) had for several years a number of lawsuits with some refractory tenants, whose causes were gratuitously taken up by a Mr. Ball an eminent attorney, Mr. William Johnson, a barrister, and several others of the circuit. His lordship, feeling very much embarrassed, applied to Mr. Fletcher, afterwards Judge, and Mr. Barrington, informing them of his "situation," and obtained a promise that one of them would be always in attendance when his causes were called on. They accordingly did most punctually attend his numerous trials, were most liberally paid, but were invariably most unsuccessful in their efforts. His lordship, perceiving himself likely to be foiled, determined to take another course; in order, therefore, to avoid a system of endless litigation, and to save time and labour of the court and the bar, his lordship adopted a mode of procedure more consistent with the national taste of the period, and forthwith caused a notice to be prepared and posted in the mess-room, set apart for the bar, intimating the course whereby his lordship desired in future to decide his suits, and offering the alternative of either fighting him or of declining to hold briefs against him. His lordship was remarkable for his taste for this species of litigation. The affair commenced by a direct challenge from his lordship to Mr. Ball, which was accepted, and a duel immediately followed, in which his lordship had the worst of it. Mr. Boyne, the King's Counsel, shortly afterwards went out with his lordship, and was wounded. Mr. Burrowes, who happened to be one of the counsel against his lordship, sent an invitation to his son, the Hon. Somerset Butley, whose bullet he received in his side. He fell, as he conceived, mortally wounded, owing to the violence of the shock, and the supposed vital direction the ball had taken; and, but for the following providential circumstance, the event would have proved fatal. Mr. Burrowes had a habit of thrusting all his papers and letters into his pocket, without regard to order or arrangement. He possessed, however, notwithstanding this apparent confusion, the power of being able, at any moment, to place his hand upon the particular document he required. On one occasion Mrs. Burrowes, in her passion for neatness, undertook to arrange his letters and papers; but the result only made "confusion worse confounded;" and thenceforward Mrs. Burrowes gave strict injunctions to the servant who accompanied Mr. Burrowes on circuit, to take his master's papers from the pockets of the coat which he had taken off, and place them in the corresponding pockets of that which he was about to wear. At that period it was the etiquette to repair to the ground in full dress. Now it so happened that Mr. Burrowes, on the evening before the duel, posted some letters to Dublin, and received change and other letters, all which he consigned, according to his custom, to his waistcoat pocket. The servant transferred these to the pocket of the waistcoat Mr. Burrowes was about to wear, and which, according to the fashion of the time, was rather capacious. Surgeon Pack, who accompanied Mr. Burrowes to the ground, found that the ball was intercepted by a penny, part of the change which he had received at the post-office on the previous evening.

The following correspondence will explain the mode of intimidation pursued towards the bar at the period of which we write.

"Green's Hotel.
"Sir—I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, that your conduct in bringing my father's name into a public court, when you must have known that I was present, was treating me ill, and behaving unlike a gentleman.

"Your obedient humble servant,
"April 15.
"S. BUTLER."

"Sir—I respect the quickness of your feelings on the subject of a parent's memory; I therefore do assure you I did not know you were in court when I made use of your father's name. The mere using of a gentleman's name in court is not in itself offensive; particularly when (as in this case) it is unavoidably necessary; but I am not conscious of having used any

disrespectful or insulting language towards your father's memory. Having so directly and decidedly obviated the grounds upon which you have formed and expressed so strong an opinion upon my conduct, I hope and expect you will do me the justice to change that opinion, and to signify to me that you have changed it.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"PETER BURROWES.

"P.S.—I hope for the favour of an answer in the course of this morning.

"15th April, 1794."

The answer to the letter of Mr. Burrowes not being deemed satisfactory, his friend, Mr. Waddy, was the bearer of a message, and a meeting ensued on the following morning.

Mr. Burrowes was never able to reflect with composure on this circumstance of his early career, which he always designated as the only act of cowardice with which, in the course of a long life, he could reproach himself. He might easily have availed himself of the latitude usually conceded to counsel in such cases; but, conscious that the privileges of his profession were encroached upon by a course of procedure unusually daring, and desirous of upholding the dignity of the Bar, assailed in his person, he yielded to a custom which, happily for the welfare of society, is now almost extinct, and, unable to encounter the obloquy of the world, he displayed a deficiency of moral courage for which, as we have above stated, he never forgave himself."

BURROWES' STYLE OF ORATORY.

His manner, when speaking, was most striking and peculiar. Though he could not boast the fascinating imagery and pathos of Curran, he atoned for their absence by an air of impressive earnestness which carried persuasion to a jury, because he seemed convinced himself. There was something so ingenuous and unsuspecting in his nature, that, in some cases, where a jury would be disposed to distrust Curran from the command he was known to possess over their feelings, the success of Burrowes was very marked, and in no small degree resulted from the confidence reposed in his simplicity of manner. He always appeared sanguine and eager in the view he took of his case, throwing the whole force of his mind into the thought he seemed to labour with the idea which impressed him till his words burst forth with fervour. The audience would often be led to feel that he was about to lecture them upon some topics growing out of the subject itself, less for the sake of relieving their attention, or displaying his rhetorical skill, than of really edifying them. But the fact was far otherwise; he stood on very different ground. He certainly enlarged on topics of this description, and invariably persuaded his hearers that he was communicating instruction, and diverging from the main subject for their improvement; but after addressing the jury for some time, and obtaining their unsuspecting confidence, he rapidly, but not abruptly, turned all he had been saying to the account of his cause, by a transition both elegant and natural, indicating the judicious purpose for which he indulged in the supposed digression. This tact, a very valuable quality in an advocate, he possessed in an eminent degree.

PERORATION IN THE COLLEGE ELECTION CASE.

You have seen parental authority hired to corrupt the suffrage and pollute the honour of a child; you have seen the best principles of morality, and the noblest feelings of the heart, committed in deadly discord, for purposes of corruption; and the wretched son compelled to disclose a father's disgrace or be himself disgraced.

You have seen young ambition panting to pursue the invitation of ardent genius, and wily seduction watching a favourable crisis when rigid principle might be relaxed in the hot pursuit! and, thank heaven! you have seen honour triumphant over ambition, and the brightest talents, and their most alluring calls, subjected to paramount integrity.

You have seen the student, on the eve of his third experiment for fellowship, while his mind was fainting under the severity of prolonged and reiterated study; and ease, honour, and competency were floating before him at this moment of mental and bodily lassitude, you have seen his principles assailed by an offer of what he was dying to enjoy; and, if the corrupt logic of the age shall not persuade you that such heroic self-denial is incredible, you have seen such solid virtues nobly spurned, and the short path to infamous prosperity rejected with scorn.

You have seen poverty, recluseness, and simplicity of manners, operate as invitations to direct corruption. You have exulted to see courtly manners and splendid offers ineffectual in seducing rugged integrity; and I trust you felt a liberal indignation when you saw im-

potent attempts to corrupt succeeded by impotent attempts to defame.

You have seen the Professorship of Divinity devoted to purposes of corruption; you have seen every arrangement to preserve it from lapsing baffled, every overture to fill it received with deafness or with contumely; and when no man could be found base enough to accept it on terms of stipulated prostitution, you have seen an honest and an able, though simple man, tricked into becoming an unconscious instrument of the foulest profanation.

Thus you have seen the very fountain of religion contaminated, and the support and patronage of a tutor and a friend pilfered by a sacrilegious craft from a pupil, who was the object of his love, of his pride, of his admiration.

A DAUGHTER'S AFFECTION.

She was the delight of her parents at home, their pride abroad, the solace of their labour and their cares, and the anticipated hope and joy of their declining lives. The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts, is even stronger towards the female than the male child. It is wise that it should be so, it is more wanted; it is just that it should be so, it is more requited. There is no pillow on which the head of a parent, anguished by sickness or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose, as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. Her attentions are unceasing. She is never utterly *foras famulいた*. The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family; they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisitions; but he never can communicate the solid and unceasing comforts of life which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child—she seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Even after her marriage her filial attentions are unimpaired; she may give her hand and her heart to her husband, but still she may share her cares and attention with her parents, without a pang of jealousy or distrust from him. He only looks on them as the assured pledges of the fidelity, and the unerring evidences of a good disposition.

PANEGYRIC ON GRATTAN IN REPLY TO CASTLEREAGH.

Sir, I feel but little any portion of the noble lord's obloquy which may attach to me or my humble efforts; but I own I cannot repress my indignation at the audacious boldness of the calumny which would asperse one of the most exalted characters which any nation ever produced, and that in a country which owes its liberty and its greatness to the energy of his exertions, and in the very house which has so often been the theatre of his glorious labours and splendid achievements. I remember that man being the theme of universal panegyric, the wonder and the boast of Ireland, for his genius and his virtue. His name silenced the sceptic upon the reality of genuine patriotism. To doubt the purity of his motives was a heresy which no tongue dared to utter—envy was lost in admiration; and even they whose crimes he scourged, blended extorted praises with the murmurs of resentment. He covered our then unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents, as the eagle covers her young; like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays, whether of royal favour or of royal anger, with undazzled untimidated eye. If, according to Demosthenes, to grow with the growth, and to decay with the decline of our country, be the true criterion of a good citizen, how infinitely did this man, even in the moment of his lowest depression, surpass those upstart patriots, who only become visible when their country vanishes.

Sir, there is something most singularly curious, and, according to my estimation of things, enviable, in the fate of this great man; his character and his consequence are, as it were, vitally interwoven with the greatness of his country; the one cannot be high and the other low; the one cannot stand and the other perish. This was so well understood by those who have so long meditated to put down the Constitution of Ireland, that, feeling that they could not seduce, they have incessantly laboured to calumniate her most vigilant sentinel and ablest champion; they appealed to every unguarded prejudice, to every assailable weakness, of a generous but credulous people, they watched every favourable moment of irritation or of terror to pour in the detested poison of calumny. Sir, it will be found, on a retrospect of Ireland since 1782, that her liberties never received a wound that a corresponding stab was not levelled at this character; and when it was vainly hoped that his imperishable fame was laid in the dust, the times were deemed ripe for extinction of our Constitution. Sir, these impious labours cannot finally

succeed; glory and liberty are not easily effaced. Grattan and the Constitution will survive the storm.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

The despot may tell us he will enact wise laws, and compel universal obedience to them. Is he aware of the weakness and perversity of human nature? Vain and presumptuous man! to hope that he shall effectuate what even the Eternal sanctions, announced by the Almighty, fail to effect. The demagogue will say give, the people privileges, give them perfect liberty, and they will soon become rational, industrious, and happy. Preposterous inversion of the laws of nature! Education is the cause, not the effect of freedom; the finest constitution in the power of human wisdom to devise, could not be worn by savages brutalized by vice and ignorance; the most admirable laws, with such a people, would be a dead letter. As well might we commit the arms of a warrior into the hands of an infant for self-defence; but education improving the moral character of man, not only fits him for liberty, but ascertains its attainment. A moral and enlightened people could not be slaves. It is morally, it is physically, impossible.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

A free press has ever been the object of hatred to arbitrary power. It is natural that it should be so. It is the most formidable implement to the advance of lawless ambition. It is a controul vested in the people to stop the encroachments of inordinate power. It curbs and cures the excesses and defects of the law of the land, by the law of reputation. It enables the people to pronounce a judgment which cannot be resisted or reversed; and is one of those reserved rights which no free people can relinquish. If it does exist, there can be no permanent tyranny in the land—if it does not, there can be no secure freedom. It is the organ through which the censorial power of the people is exerted, and if it be silenced, further opinion can never speak or be respected. It is not only necessary to have this freedom of communication upon public subjects sanctioned, but it should be cherished.

MUSIC.

Ethereal Voices speak to Me. The words by EMILY VARNDELL, and the music by Miss A. L. MORRIS. Surnam. 1850.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES' approval was sufficient to have ensured this composition a fair popularity. But it has much merit of its own—words superior to the ordinary stamp, and an air as modest and touching as any we have heard for many a day.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

FARRER has at last definitely taken the Olympic Theatre, and Webster is making preparations for his next campaign, but Macready's farewell performances will not take place.—A contemporary states that Mr. E. Loder is about to bring out an Opera of his composition at Brunswick.—Signor Lablache has just given a new proof of his loyalty to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, by signing a fresh engagement with that gentleman for a term of three years.—Madame Grisi has re-considered her determination, and is going to Russia for the coming winter.—Miss Harriet Reeves, a sister of our renowned English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, is about to make her *début* as a vocalist. Report speaks favourably of her voice and talent.—It is announced that the gains on the eight Philharmonic Concerts of the series have been no less than 350*l.*—The Gloucester Festival will commence on the 10th of September. The special patronage of the Queen has been accorded. The president is the Duke of Beaufort, and the vice-presidents the Earl of Fitzhardinge, Earl, Somers, and Lord Lyttelton.—For the winter season Mdle. Alboni is said to be going to Madrid, and Mdle. Angri to Vienna. Miss C. Hayes has signed an engagement to winter in Rome; Herr Formes has taken service in Spain; Mr. Sims Reeves will sing at the Italian Opera in Paris. Madame Taccani, a *prima donna* with a small flexible voice, who sang in Paris before Madame Persiani, and who disappeared from the opera-houses in consequence of marriage, has just followed the way of "all and sundry" married *prime donne*, by returning to the stage for a campaign during what may be called her "Indian summer."—The Chichester Theatre has been sold by auction for 350*l.* It was here that Inceledon made his first appearance on the boards, and received a summary dis-

missal for paying his suit to a daughter of one of the managers. For many years Chichester Theatre paid a rent of 50*l.*; but of late years the rent has dwindled down to a very small sum till it disappeared altogether. The theatre has scarcely been opened for the last six or eight years. The purchaser converts it into a brew-house. Mdle. Lind's farewell Concerts at Liverpool appear to have gone off with more than even the usual *furor* which has attended her in England. She is described as having set sail for America in her best looks, best voice, and best spirits.—We are already beginning to hear of music bestirring itself abroad to take its honourable part in our Great Exhibition of next year. It is said that among other visitors whom we may expect, will be a German chorus, made up of many *Liedertafel* societies, rivalling in number the never-to-be-forgotten Cologne gathering (an assemblage of more than two thousand voices), the intention of which is to give performances in London.—Musical and dramatic ceremonies in inauguration of the statue of Herder will take place at Weimar towards the close of this month. On the 24th will be represented at the theatre *Prometheus Unbound*, with overture and choruses by M. Liszt. On the 25th, after the inauguration of the statue, Handel's *Messiah* will be performed in the cathedral where Herder used to preach, and where he lies buried. On the 28th will be given at the theatre the first representation of *Lohengrin*, a new opera, by Herr Wagner, with a prologue written for the occasion by Herr Dingelstedt. Weimar is now accessible by railway from Ostend.—Our musical readers will learn with regret that Mr. Oliphant has resigned the office of musical librarian to the British Museum. The great and daily increasing collection of music in the Museum has hitherto been unavailable to the public; and it has been hoped that Mr. Oliphant's labours in arranging, classifying, and cataloguing its contents, would be of infinite value to the lovers and students of the art. But we fear there is not now much prospect of this important task being accomplished.—On Tuesday week the annual general meeting of the proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre was held for the purpose of presenting the yearly report, and electing six directors. The report stated that the affairs of the company were improving.

ART JOURNAL.

THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY THE OLD MASTERS, AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE present collection is, perhaps, more varied, and on the whole more satisfactory and interesting than the majority of its predecessors. It consists of 171 works; and the name of the Earl of Yarborough stands conspicuous in the list of contributors.

The first picture on the walls is a GUERCINO, *Angelica and Medoro* (No. 1); true to the traditions of the decline of Italian art, and to nothing else,—neither to nature nor to beauty. The utter absence of passion in the expressions and composition strikes at first sight; nor does the eye repose on any compensating brilliancy or truth of colour. The shepherd character is preserved in Medoro; but he is dingy and skinny—qualities wherein he sympathises with the beautiful Queen of Cathay. The *St. John in the Wilderness* (No. 26), of the same master, is just a pretty boy: no more.

Of MURILLO the examples are not remarkable, consisting of *Moses striking the Rock* (No. 7); the *Infant Saviour* (No. 139); a goggle-eyed dwarf, and a *Cupid* (No. 141.) The two GUIDOS, a *Magdalen* (No. 14), and *St. John watching the Infant Saviour asleep* (No. 101), are saved from receiving their deaths from public opinion only by the name of their author.

Of the five pictures ascribed to TITIAN, the paternity appears doubtful in more cases than one: strongly so as regards (No. 123) *Christ at Emmaus*, a work partaking of the Great Venetian's style, but with no evidence of his genius, and destitute of meaning. The *Nun* (No. 171), from the Borghese Palace, and the *Portrait of Pope Alexander VI.* (No. 107), are less suspicious, and of an excellence where the name matters but little.

The finest of the subjects by TINTORETTO, is the *Descent from the Cross* (No. 102), where, however, the enforcement of magnificence has a tendency to impair the more essential development of feeling. The *Holy*

Family, with St. Jerome, &c. (No. 22), and the *Consecration of a Bishop, with Portrait of Paul III., who officiates* (No. 74), pictures on a colossal scale of form, speak more to the eye than to the intellect;—nor will the eye thoroughly acknowledge their claims, unless educated into a certain habit. Some of the portraits are exceedingly fine: that of an *English Nobleman* (No. 121), coming upon us with a singular sense of modernness and familiarity through its remote garb and foreign associations. Traces of its original glory are visible in the *Portrait* (No. 34), across the restorer's disfiguring.

The VAN EYCK, *The Adoration of the Magi* (No. 25) is characterised by that extraordinary minuteness of representation for which he is famous; there is lovely expression in the Virgin's head, and a deep feeling of piety in the King nearest to her. The brilliancy of colour is astonishing. Another example of the earliest period of modern art is the *Death of Mary of Burgundy* (No. 35), by MARTIN SCHÖN, a work replete with elaborate excellence—as, for example, the action of the hands in the Emperor's figure; but strangely marred by coarseness of conception, and by the hideous distortions intended for angels tumbling about the air in all affinity to the bad taste of Rubens and the latest debasers of the Italian school. The glaringly absurd perspective, being indicative merely in mechanical knowledge, is not a blemish on which we would lay much stress. The *Portrait of Himself* (No. 11), attributed to MEMLINCCK, and bearing the date 1062, appears of more than questionable origin. The head is that of a quiet, shrewd workman, and the painting is accurate, but in no way striking.

A study of a pretty female model, to whom the painter attributes greenish flesh, and another of a very handsome youth, available, with proper action and accessories, for an Adonis, are transformed, in the hands of ANNIBAL CARRACCI, into *The Toilet of Venus* (No. 29), and *St. John in the Wilderness* (No. 31), but that the baptism is, in this case, efficient to regeneration, we will not take upon us to assert.

There is exquisite feeling in the *Infant Saviour and St. John* (No. 29), of LEONARDO DE VINCI: yet we would venture to express a doubt whether even the fleshy roundness of infancy fully accounts for the unjointed appearance of the curved leg of Christ. We have no faith in the connoisseurship which has assigned to the same divine intellect (No. 104), *Our Saviour*, though not insensible to the qualified success in its regard of solemn tenderness; nor can we, without serious hesitation, accept so high an authorship for the *Three Children of the Gaddi Family* (No. 129), a record of unmitigated ugliness of the monkey-type, to the painful truth of which we do not believe such a mind would descend without ulterior purpose, here wanting.

The most poetical portion of ALBANO'S *Europa* (No. 40), consists in the women who lean over from the shore, gazing at their companion; in the remainder there is too much prettiness. The legs of Europa are painted with great softness and delicacy; but these are not qualities which will suffice to characterise the whole treatment of such a subject. Of *The Echo and Narcissus* (No. 45), we are not afraid to say that it is merely bad. The *Nessus and Dejanira* (No. 41), of PADUANINO, contains no hint of its subject: the Dejanira is particularly clumsy, and so little thought appears to have gone to the picture, that even the very robe of Nessus is absent. Energetic action could scarcely fail in a treatment by REMBRANDT, of *Our Saviour in the Storm* (No. 42); but perhaps our readers will doubt our veracity or our perception when we say that one of the Apostles is shown actually seasick (!) yet that the thing is so we clearly satisfied ourselves: a vague form in the hold of the ship seems to represent the devil.

A good picture, in the merely imitative and professional sense, is *The Holy Family* (No. 44), by SCHIÖNE: but our old cuckoo-cry of want of meaning haunts us in seeing it. SASSO FERRATO'S *Madonna* (No. 64), has a very pretty simple expression, which goes about half way towards one element of the feeling appropriate to such a subject: but a Madonna it is not. *Our Saviour on the Mount* (No. 72), by MORALES, is one of those pictures which tradition expects us to admire as "grand, impressive, sublime," and what not: we will affirm that it is black, remaining silent, because unconscious of its other qualities, with the exception of

various limbs of the human form which turn up in odd corners. An ANDREA SCHIAVONE, from Lord Yarborough's Gallery, *Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise* (No. 120), though admirably painted in the flesh and with an Eve beautiful as a mere female form, is undignified to a degree not short of preposterous in relation to the subject. Our first parents seem playing at being caught, a game familiar to their progeny, between the ages of 6 and 15, but somewhat childish for an archangel to humour them in.

French Peasants (No. 136), by LE MAIN, is distinguished by a degree of classical severity which does not impair the truthfulness or individuality of the figures; but the colour, cold and harsh, as if white dust had been worked into it, goes far to destroy any pleasure the excellent qualities of the work might and would otherwise afford. RUBENS's *Prometheus* (No. 142), lying chained across a chasm, but seeming yet untamed and aspiring, is such a huge record of physical energy as was to be expected from the painter. The so-called CORREGGIO, *Cupid conducting Helen to the Vessel* (No. 147), is prettily composed; but the god of love appears to have adopted a wig.

The *Sibyl* (No. 148), by SPAGNOLETTI, is a very fine and solid picture, worked with masterly breadth, though some exception may be taken at the extreme blackness of the shadows. The *Virgin and Child* (No. 151), fathered on PERUGINO, manifests scarcely any of the painter's characteristics, and no great risk is incurred in pronouncing that whatever responsibility is implied in its authorship belongs to another. The *Salutation* (No. 163), a work of very large dimensions, probably an altar-piece, by MANZUOLI DI SAN FRIANO, is replete with incongruities of action and situation, and, with MICHEL ANGELESQUE, endeavours unwarranted by any evidence of achievement.

Some admirable portraits are among the works contributed: those of the *Earl of Essex* (No. 2), and *Queen Mary* (No. 12), by SIR ANTONIO MORE, second to none in nobility and strength of character, and grave manliness of execution. The *Duchess of Lorraine* (No. 21), is a REMBRANDT of first-rate excellence; and the almost effaced *Portrait* (No. 32), appears to have once deserved equal praise. The VANDYCKS are not of any special merit. *L'Allegro: Portrait of Mrs. Hale* (No. 54), by SIR JOSIUA REYNOLDS, contains, in the back-ground, one figure of the most perfect grace,—a young girl playing on a pipe. A needlessly elaborate and unwarrantably ambitious title, *Dionysius the Areopagite, a Nobleman of Athens and Disciple of St. Paul* (No. 55), has been bestowed as a study—asphaltum in the main—of a head often met with among the painter's works. No. 132, — *Sulivan, Esq.*, is a good portrait. We do not think any one, save the compiler of the catalogue, can have "attributed to RAPHAEL," the *Portrait of Bartolomeo Bianchini* (No. 58): its severity of manner is unnaturally harsh. A bold *Sketch of Lady Hamilton* (No. 98), by ROMNEY, is interesting, and would be attractive for the mere beauty represented, if for no artistic qualities in the representation. The *Portrait of a Lady* (No. 103), by RAMSAY, and those of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, Sir Charles Cotterel, and Dobson (No. 127), by DOBSON, are of a high order of merit. The famous portrait of *Henry VIII.* (No. 159), by HOLBEIN, presented by the King to the Governor of the Isle of Wight, and one of *Mahammed II.* (No. 169), catalogued as by G. (we presume, GENTILE) BELLINI, — a work breathing a most royal melancholy and beauty, are among the gems of the Exhibition. Chronology is against the assumption of the *Cæsar Borgia* (No. 157), having been painted, at least in original, by CORREGGIO.

Two of the JAN STEENS, *Figures at a Repast* (No. 57), and *A Domestic Scene* (No. 62), are miracles of Dutch art; *The Alchemist* (No. 13), and *A Merry-making* (No. 82), absurdly and offensively vulgar, of very low standing as works of art, spite of their wonderful technical attainments. The two rustic subjects of VELASQUEZ, *A Spanish Peasant Girl* and *A Spanish Shepherd* (Nos. 15 and 23), are of charming piquancy and freshness; combinations of thoroughly ordinary nature, showing how easy it is—given only the painter to do it—to avoid, in such subjects, the slightest taint of coarseness or vulgarity without the introduction of any extraneous elements of elevation, or even beauty. The relief of the flesh against the dark tone of colour in the second of these works is dazzling. No. 19,

Rubens and his Wife, the joint work of RUBENS and SNYLERS, *An Interior* (No. 48), by METZU, gracefully imagined in arrangement and situation; a study of *Dead Game* (No. 61), by WEENIX, and *A Female Artist* (No. 70), by F. MIERIS, a small work of astonishing perfection, are severally characterized by the excellences of the Dutch school. *Flowers and Fruit* (No. 115), by VAN HUYSUM, shows how far in advance of that school are our best living proficients in the same department in the understanding of tone and quality.

Our own country is represented, to our great honour and glory, by WILKIE's famous *Breakfast* (No. 88), and *Penny Wedding* (No. 92), works on the noble qualities of which it would be impertinent to dilate. There are also a scene from *Le Malade Malgre lui* (No. 94), by NEWTON; in a style very popular at present, and a clever specimen of its class, skilfully coloured; a group of lovely grace by STOTHARD, from *Love's Labour Lost* (No. 114); WEST's picture of *Alexander and his Physician* (No. 170), and two portraits (No. 135, and 161), by HOGARTH.

VANDERVELDE's *Preparing for the Chase* (No. 8), is remarkable for the truth of aerial perspective, with which the back-ground figures are introduced. Of the Cuyps we can only admire No. 20, *Landscape and Figures*, with its quiet veiled sunshine: the others appear to us but common in character. So also in all respects we think the BOTH, *Landscape with a Water-fall* (No. 16). A striking quality of truth pervades the landscape (No. 47), by DE KONINCK. The best RUYSDAEL is from Mr. Hawkins's Gallery (No. 137), a fine example of the master, combining many of his chief merits. Some excellent works by PAUL POTTER, OSTADE, and VANDER-NEER, are also contributed.

Of English landscapes some of the best are by CROME, as *Trowse Lane, near Norwich*, most successful in sunny aspect, and painted with evident relish for the nature it depicts. Some poetry belongs to the *Italian Landscape* (No. 83), by WILSON, and to his *View of Chelsea* (No. 86), where the art of generalization has been used with boldness and effect, but not abused: and in a quiet twilight piece by GAINSBOROUGH, *Cattle on the bank of a River* (No. 56), singularly simple in its materials.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MOLLE, JENNY LIND has been sitting to Mr. Kilburn for a daguerreotype portrait; and the artist has produced a remarkable work of art.—The *Brussels Herald* states that the artistic value of the works of art contained in the churches of Antwerp, eleven in number, is, by the late financial report of the province, estimated at 49,763,000*fr.*, nearly two millions of English money.—Several amateurs of painting, who have recently visited the galleries of Versailles, have remarked that the large pictures placed in the recently-constructed Salles of the Croisades, Constantina, &c. are in such a damaged state that, if immediate steps be not taken, it will be difficult to preserve them from complete destruction.

The celebrated Barbarigo Gallery at Venice, which comprised, amongst other master-pieces, seventeen paintings of Titian,—the Magdalen, Venus, St. Sebastian, the famous portraits of the Doge Barbarigo, of Philip XIV, &c., has been lately purchased by the court of Russia for 560,000*fr.*—About 120 pictures, collected in Italy and elsewhere by Lord Ward, have been placed in the Great Room of the Egyptian Hall. We believe it is Lord Ward's intention to make them accessible to the public.—A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, writing from Paris, says that the ex-king Louis Philippe having demanded that the Standish and Spanish Galleries in the Museum of the Louvre should be given up to him, the Government, unwilling to assume the responsibility of granting or refusing the request, referred the matter to the Council of State; and it has been by them decided that the two collections shall be restored to the deposed sovereign.—The French papers state that the Archaeological Society of Rodez have purchased the ancient tower of Calmont-de-Plancaige,—for the purpose of rescuing from destruction one of the finest relics of military architecture of the eleventh century. This feudal monument belonged to the Arpajon family—one of the most considerable in the ancient Rouergue. Several kings of France received its hospitality.—A fatality seems to attend the

statues of the American sculptor, Hiram Powers. It is only a few months since we had to announce the accident which befel his "Eve"—wrecked at Carthage in the vessel which was conveying it to America. A similar fate has now overtaken his statue of the late Mr. Calhoun—said by the American papers to have cost the artist years of toil, and which had been anxiously expected in his native country. On the 7th of April, Mr. Powers wrote from Florence that the statue had been encased for shipment, and congratulated himself that it was not ready to be put on board the Swedish ship Westmoreland, in which his statue of "Eve" was shipped. Hopes are expressed that the statue may be recovered.—A contemporary mentions a curious example of the unfitness of the present locality for the preservation of the national collection of pictures, which may be found on the threshold of the building itself. It is only seven years since there was placed in the hall of the National Gallery the subscription statue of the late Sir David Wilkie. It was executed by the late Mr. Samuel Joseph out of a block of the purest white marble,—but the colour is already strangely changed. By its rapid discolouration a test is supplied of the amount of injury to which the surfaces of the pictures in the same building have been subjected during the same short interval. The statue has become a sort of dirt-ometer. There is scarcely any ancient statue in the Townley, Elgin, or other collections in the British Museum, of deeper or dirtier tone than it has in so short a time acquired.—The Parisians have been inaugurating a statue of Baron Larrey—Napoleon's famous Chief of the Surgical Staff—in the Court of the Val de Grace. The ceremonial was attended by deputations from all the learned bodies of which the Baron was a member, and one from the old soldiers of the Empire clad in the costume of that time. The statue is the work of M. David; and the bas-reliefs which decorate the sides of the pedestal represent respectively the Beresina, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, and Somosierra.

The sale of the pictures forming the gallery of the late King of Holland commenced at the Hague on Monday the 12th August. The interest attaching to the dispersion of this great collection filled the Dutch capital with visitors, and the palace was crowded during the period of the public view. The sale took place in the great hall of the palace,—a noble Gothic room of 80 feet long and about 40 feet wide, with a lofty roof of carved oak. All the distinguished amateurs and collectors of Europe were present. The sale included 352 lots of pictures, and 368 of statues, busts, and drawings. The total sums realized by the sale are stated as follows: The first day's sale brought 9,511*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*—the second, 9,436*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*—the third, 17,500*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*—the fourth, 8,447*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*—and the fifth, we believe, upwards of 50,000*l.* This will give a total of about 96,000*l.*, independently of the Raphael drawings and the sculptures. The pictures have been widely distributed.—Prussia, Frankfurt and Paris coming in for their share. The Emperor of Russia's agent, it is said, was authorized to purchase to the extent of 60,000*l.* The English Government, as we have already stated, was not represented at this spirited contest; but the Marquis of Hertford took its place for England, and wrung many lots from the Czar at any price.—The Council of the Art Union of London have distributed to the subscribers for the year 1849 the impressions engraved by the anaglyptograph from the prize bas relief by Mr. J. Hancock, and the etchings by Mr. E. Goodall, of the "Seven Ages" of Shakspeare, after the original designs by Mr. D. Maclise, R. A. The impression by the anaglyptograph process represents the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, and is a very faithful transcript of the bas relief, with which most patrons of art are acquainted. It is the best thing yet distributed by the society. The "Seven Ages" consist of eight plates—the first showing the whole of the poet's description at one view, and the other seven the distinct passages in the life of man. The first, that of the "Mewling Infant," is not particularly illustrative of the text. The second, the "Whining Schoolboy," is better and more demonstrative. The third, the "Lover," is, perhaps, still better, but still not very effective. In the fourth, the "Soldier" does not seek "reputation even in the cannon's mouth," but very discreetly avoids danger by keeping on the side of the cannon, and clammers somewhat clumsily into the presence of three awkward looking enemies. The fifth

etching is, perhaps, the best: "Justice" "plays his part" after the manner described by the bard, and the artist has been happy in his conception. The sixth is also good, being characteristic and natural. In the seventh—"Last scene of all"—the hero of the tale as much resembles a woman as one of the opposite sex, corroborating the notion that many a man becomes an old woman after a certain time of life. These impressions are distributed to the subscribers in addition to the "Sabrina," and to the "Smile" and the "Frown."

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE closed on Saturday evening, when a long night's entertainment was provided. The new *prima donna*, Madame FIORENTINI, made a decided hit by singing AGATHA's scene from *Freischütz*. She had on Tuesday confirmed the good opinion formed of her as *Norma*. A more fortunate addition to Mr. LUMLEY's corps has not been made during the season. He has, therefore, done well to secure Madame FIORENTINI's services for three years. LABLACHE, it is also stated, has renewed his engagement for the same term, and Madame SONTAG will return next spring.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—So near to its close also is this house, that *Fidelio* was announced, rehearsed, and withdrawn! We regret this, as we had anticipated a rich treat in VIARDOT's *Leonora*. *Otello* and the *Elisir d'Amore* have been successively repeated, and with much success.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This theatre has been re-opened, having been decorated and much improved. *Hamlet* was produced with a cast new in many respects. Mr. WALLER, a man of fine figure, but having much of the indisciplin of the country boards, played *Laertes*, and Miss TRAVERS *Ophelia*. Mr. PHELPS's *Hamlet* was, as usual, a studied piece of acting. LEIGH HUNT's *Legend of Florence* has also been revived, and with perfect success. It has not been so excised and perverted as, on the first occasion of its production, was the case.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Revolutions have been the order also here. *The Malcontent*, and FIELDING's *Pasquin*, have attracted larger audiences than we should have looked for—but then the neighbouring houses have been closed. A Miss S. LYONS made a very favourable impression as *Juliet* last week. She is well suited to the stage, both physically and by training, but she wants discipline and experience.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTHEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR.—Will you allow me to correct a somewhat remarkable error which has crept into the notice of "Southey's Correspondence" in your paper of the 15th August, in which is quoted a passage purporting to delineate the character of the Author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*. You are probably aware that the person there alluded to is no other than WILLIAM TAYLOR of Norwich, author of *An Historic Survey of German Poetry*, and *English Synonyms*, from which latter work CHAMBER, some years after, borrowed without acknowledgment, some of the best parts of his own publication on the same subject, &c. &c. The author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* was ISAAC TAYLOR, a totally different person who, I should imagine, could have possessed but little more than name in common with SOUTHEY's friend WILLIAM TAYLOR.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
X. Y. Z.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

MARGARET FULLER.

FROM the *New York Tribune* of July 23rd, we learn the melancholy intelligence that Margaret Fuller, whose name and writings are familiar to all who know anything of American literature, lost her life within sight of land, on the night of the dreadful tornado. She was on her way home from Italy, after an absence of nearly five years, with her husband, the Marquis d'Ossoli, and their only child, two years old. The

voyage had been a disastrous one, having occupied much more than the usual time, and the vessel, as if doomed, arrived on the American coast during the most fearful storm which has visited that quarter for the last fifty years. The wind was from the south-west, the night was unusually dark, and the vessel, in spite of all the efforts of the crew, struck during the night, and in a few hours was a mass of drifting sticks and planks, while her passengers and part of her crew were buried in the remorseless deep.

Margaret Fuller was the daughter of the Honourable Timothy Fuller, a lawyer of Boston, and a member of Congress from 1817 to 1825. Soon after his retirement from Congress, he purchased a farm at some distance from Boston, and abandoned law for agriculture. His daughter Margaret gave promise of remarkable intellectual powers at an early age, and these were fostered to an extent which severely taxed and ultimately injured her physical powers. At eight years of age he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses daily, while her studies in philosophy, history, general science, and current literature were, in after years, extensive and profound. After her father's death, she applied herself to teaching, first in Boston, then in Providence, and afterwards in Boston again, where her lectures were for several seasons attended by classes of women, some of them married, and including many from the best families of the "American Athens." In 1843 she accompanied some friends on a tour to Niagara, from thence to Chicago, and across the Prairies of Illinois. Her impressions during this excursion were embodied in a delightful volume entitled *A Summer on the Lakes*. In the following year she undertook the literary department of the *New York Tribune*, where her articles on Art, Music, and the current literature of the day, assisted in giving that paper the high character which it now deservedly possesses as a first-class American journal. In the summer of 1846 she accompanied the family of a friend to Europe, visiting England, Scotland, France, and passing through Italy to Rome, where they spent the ensuing winter. Her letters to the *Tribune*, containing an account of what she saw during her journey, would form a pleasant and instructive volume. While in Rome she was married to the Marquis d'Ossoli, and continued to reside there till last June, when she and her husband embarked for New York, which port, however, they were not destined to reach.

The works by which Margaret Fuller is best known are her *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, the ground-work of which first appeared in the *Diol*, a quarterly review of remarkable originality and power, of which she was co-editor with R. W. Emerson for some time, and a selection from her essays entitled *Papers on Literature and Art*, which was published by Wiley and Putnam a few years ago. For loftiness of tone, deep earnest feeling, and an exquisite subtle criticism, she has no equal in American literature. Though less popular than many of her shallow contemporaries she has left a name which will live long after they are forgotten.—*The Leader*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE, author of *Mornings at Matlock*, has been appointed, through the influence of Lord Brougham, to the office of official assignee to the Court of Bankruptcy, Manchester.—The *Gazette des Tribunaux* announces that M. Libri has ceased to be a member of the Legion of Honour, in virtue of the sentence of the Assize Court of Paris, and on the demand of the Grand Chancellor of the order.—The General Board of Health have appointed Mr. C. Macaulay, formerly clinical clerk to Sir Benjamin Brodie, and lecturer on medical jurisprudence at St. George's Hospital, to be assistant secretary to the board.—Public indignation has had some influence on the government, and they have added another 15*l.* per year to the pension granted to the widow of Lieutenant Waghorn. What a warning for men, who are now wasting their energies and fortunes in behalf of their country!—By the will of the late Sir Robert Peel, which has been proved at Doctors' Commons, he directs that his pictures at Drayton shall be held by his trustees in trust for the person who shall for the time being be entitled to the possession of the house at Drayton. His books and prints are bequeathed to the present baronet: by a codicil, executed on the 24th of March, last year, which relates solely to his literary possessions, he bequeaths all his manuscripts and correspondence, which he states he presumes to be of great value as showing the character of great men of his age, to Lord

Mahon and Mr. Cardwell, with the fullest powers to destroy such as they think fit; and he directs that his correspondence with Her Majesty and her Consort and himself shall not be published during their lives without their express consent. The trustees are to make arrangements for the safe custody and for the publication of such of his manuscripts as they may think fit, and to give all or any of them to public institutions; and the codicil contains general directions for the custody of such as shall not be disposed of in such manner. By the codicil of March 24, 1849, all the profits which may arise from the publication of his manuscripts are to be applied for the benefit of literary men or for literary objects.

A register is about to be opened at No. 1, Old Palace-yard, Westminster, by the Secretary of the Executive Committee for the Exhibition of 1851, in which will be entered the names and addresses of persons disposed to provide accommodation for artisans from the country whilst visiting the Exhibition next year. It is proposed to furnish copies of this register of lodgings and accommodation to all the local committees. Other arrangements are under consideration for guiding the working classes on their arrival by the trains to the lodgings they may select. The register will contain a column in which the nature and charges for the accommodation each party proposes to afford will be entered.—The last lift of the last tube of the Britannia bridge was completed yesterday week, and everything is understood to progress so satisfactorily as to lead to the conclusion that the entire structure will be opened a fortnight earlier than was expected.—All the galleries throughout the British Museum are now open, though in the new part the fittings have not yet been set up. Barely a wreck of the old entrance remains, and in a short time Montague house will be swept away.—*The Athenaeum* publishes the following statement of the sums paid by Mr. Murray and his father for copyright to Mr. Washington Irving:—

Sketch Book	£467 10 0
Bracebridge Hall	1050 0 0
Traveller	1575 0 0
Columbus	3150 0 0
Companions of Columbus ..	525 0 0
Grenada	2100 0 0
Tour on the Prairies	400 0 0
Abbotsford and Newstead ..	400 0 0
Legends of Spain	100 0 0

£9,767 10 0

Had these works been recently written, not one farthing of copyright money would have been paid for them in England under the law as lately explained by the Lord Chief Baron; but we shall see before long what a Vice-Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice of England have to say on the subject.—Why is it that Government does not take up the subject of an international copyright,—for which the American public seems as ripe as our own?

Editors in California receive 6000 dollars a-year; city reporters, 3600 dollars; marine reporters, 6000 dollars; foremen, 5000 dollars; and composers, 4000 dollars (800*l.* a-year). These are the actual prices paid by the *Pacific News* for the daily matter prepared for that paper. The expenses for the year reach 100,000 dollars.

—The Government of Saxe-Weimar has just founded, under the title "Institute of Goethe," an annual prize of 20,000*fr.*, for which the whole of literary and artistic Europe will be at liberty to compete. This perpetual prize is to be thus arranged:—1st year, Poems, Romances, and Theatrical Works—2nd, Paintings of all kinds—3rd, Statuary—4th, Music, either sacred or profane, operas or oratorios. After the fourth year has expired the same rotation is recommenced. In addition to receiving the 20,000*fr.* the author will remain in possession of his work. The jury will be formed of two committees, the one at Weimar and the other at Berlin, the King of Prussia being interested in the institution. This institution will be definitely constituted at Weimar on the 23rd August. Numerous invitations have been addressed to writers and *savans* of all countries.—The heirs of Schiller and Goethe have obtained possession from the Government of Weimar of the original MS. correspondence carried on between those two illustrious men during the years from 1794 to 1805, consisting of 442 letters written entirely by Schiller; 105 wholly written, and 408 dictated but signed by Goethe. The heirs propose to sell the original letters, as well as the autographs of those dictated, under condition that, if published, the publications must be fac-similes.—The *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, states that a gentleman, named Hogan, had a fine view of the sea serpent in Dublin Bay one evening last week, after dinner. It was supposed to be 100 feet long, and was going at the

rate of twenty knots an hour.—The Committee on the Corporation Library have decided to recommend the City authorities to try the plan of lending out their books to the members of the municipal body. At present the Guildhall library is very little used; indeed the collection consists of works which are but little adapted for general circulation,—bearing chiefly, as they do, on points of interest connected with the history of the City.—The commissioners of the Board of Trade have presented to the Salford Museum a number of casts from antique and modern statues in the British Museum. Among others are the following:—Statues: Laocoon, Apollo Belvedere, Fighting Gladiator, Dying Gladiator, Germanicus, Venus, Milo, Discobolus, Diana robing, Dancing Faun, Antinous, Listening Slave, Boy extracting Thorn. Busts: Ajax, Apollo, Clytie, Laocoon; ten pieces of the five orders of architecture; six pieces of the Parthenon friezes. This is a very valuable addition to the museum. The mere money value of the casts is said to be upwards of 120*l*.—The seventh annual meeting of the British Archaeological Association (to be held in Manchester and Lancaster) commenced in Manchester on Monday week, under the presidency of J. Heywood, Esq., M. P. There was a large attendance of members. After visiting the Cathedral, the general meeting was held on the morning of that day, and there was also an evening sitting. Tuesday was devoted to the first of a series of excursions for the purpose of inspecting the antiquities of the County Palatine of Lancaster, the members proceeding from Manchester to Whalley Abbey, in Ribblesdale, and thence to Ribchester, Preston, and Lancaster, where a meeting was held in the evening at the Music Hall. On Tuesday the association proceeded to view the remains of Piel Castle and Furness Abbey.—The beautiful oriel window of John O'Gaunt's Palace at Lincoln, so well known to antiquaries, and which excited the attention and admiration of the Archaeological Society in 1848, was advertised for sale a short time since (preparatory, it is supposed, to some alterations), when Earl Brownlow became the purchaser. His lordship has since presented the window to the county magistrates, with a view to its being preserved in the Castle, which will form an appropriate site, it having been one of the official residences of the Prince John. The south wall, which contains this window, is the only portion of the palace that has not fallen a prey to the hand of time, or the taste of a late proprietor. The front next the street, which was pretty entire when Buck published his view in 1726, with the arms of England and France quarterly on a large shield, has been entirely pulled down and rebuilt, and deprived of its ancient character and ornament, the window, which survived the chances of 500 years, covered with sculpture, is still in good preservation.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

GENIUS.

BY E. H. BURBINGTON.

Some angels walk upon the earth, who seem
So much like men and women, that they sink
A portion of their radiance, and we deem
Them less ethereal from the human link
Which binds their daily sympathy with ours.
We find the briars, and overlook the flowers,
Too often for our good! It is our failing
To ask from genius more than genius grants,
As if frail men were gods! Busy as ants
About our little world, and still assailing
Some petty fault a brother may possess,
We lose the light that flashes from his brain;
And when a seraph has been sent to bless,
We spy a human taint and deem his mission vain.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

RED-HEADED BROWN.—There is nothing more natural in authorship than for a beginner to be afraid of himself in his first essay, and try to remain in the background of his own production. But the only way to gain the attention of the world is to follow the Hibernian's advice to a bad orator, and come out from behind your nose and speak in your natural voice. Mr. Cooper, in his first novel, put on the disguise of an Englishman, and nobody heeded him; but, in his next essay, he showed his hand, and at once became famous. The two most popular writers among us, just now, are Melville and Headly; and much of their success is undoubtedly owing to the perfect fearlessness with which they thrust themselves bodily before their countrymen. The heaven of popular favour is only to be taken by storm. Emerson has startled the world by his Emersonisms, and not by his Carlyleisms, as many suppose, for he is as little like Carlyle as possible;

John Neal, at one time, made a splurge on the surface of society simply by being John Neal; while thousands of much superior men have never been heard of simply because they tried to be unlike themselves. Is it not a most absurd thing to expect that the world will take notice of you when you won't even take notice of yourself? The "infinite I," it should be borne in mind by those who wish to be worshiped, is the first element of an Idol. Be true to yourself and the world will be true to you; don't be afraid of your idiosyncrasies sticking out; it is better that they should than that you should pass for a hybrid. If your cheeks are pale don't rouge them, your pallor is your own, and you should be content to be known by it; if your hair is red, let it be red; to be called red-headed Brown or Smith will distinguish you from other Browns and Smiths.—*Dollar Magazine*.

ADVICE TO YOUTHFUL POETS.—There is one circumstance I would preach up, morning, noon, and night, to young persons, for the management of their understanding. Whatever you are from nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. If Providence only intended you to write posies for rings, or mottoes for twelfth-cakes, keep to posies and mottoes; a good motto for a twelfth-cake is more respectable than a villainous epic poem in twelve books. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—*Sidney Smith*.

BOOKS AND CONVERSATION.—A book has no eyes, and ears, and feelings; the best are apt every now and then to become a little languid; whereas a living book walks about, and varies his conversation and manner, and prevents you from going to sleep. There is certainly a great evil in this, as well as a good; for the interest between a man and his living folio becomes sometimes a little too keen, and in the competition for victory they become a little too animated towards, and sometimes exasperated against, each other; whereas a man and his book generally keep the peace with tolerable success; and if they disagree, the man shuts his book, and tosses it into a corner of the room, which it might not be quite so safe or easy to do with a living folio. It is an inconvenience in a book, that you cannot ask questions; there is no explanation; and a man is less guarded in conversation than in a book, and tells you with more honesty the little niceties and exceptions of his opinions; whereas, in a book, as his opinions are canvassed where they cannot be explained and defended, he often overstates a point for fear of being misunderstood; but then, on the contrary, almost every man talks a great deal better in his books, with more sense, more information, and more reflection, than he can possibly do in his conversation, because he has more time.—*Sidney Smith*.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTH.

DICKENS.—On the 16th August, at No. 1, Devonshire-terrace, Mrs. Charles Dickens, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

BALZAC.—On the 17th August, at Paris, aged 50, M. de Balzac, the celebrated French Novelist.

BANKS.—In London, on the 13th August, Mr. Perceval Weldon Banks, better known as the Morgan Rattler of *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Banks, though only in his 45th year, was the last of the race of writers who, with Dr. Maginn, Mr. Churchill, and others, gave a sting and pungency (of a vicious and unwholesome kind, however), to the early numbers of that journal. He seldom did justice to his own talents,—for he wrote too often in haste, always at the last moment, and too rarely with good taste. He was by profession a barrister.

DODD.—On the 17th August, at the house of Mr. Joseph Mayer, 68, Lord-street, Liverpool, Thomas Dodd, in the 80th year of his age, author of the "Connoisseurs' Repertory." His name was well known, and his judgment often consulted by the most eminent collectors of chalcography throughout Europe, in the knowledge of which art he may be considered as the last link which connected the chain between the old and modern school of engraving.

ELSDALE.—On the 8th August, at Wington, Somerset, the Rev. Robinson Elsdale, D.D. formerly high master of the Free Grammar School, Manchester, aged 67.

HUNT.—On the 16th August, Mr. Robert Hunt, the eldest brother of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who had only recently been appointed to the brotherhood of the Charter-house. SHARPLES.—On the 11th August, the Right Rev. Dr. Sharpley, Roman Catholic Coadjutor Bishop of the Lancashire district, at Great Eccleston, his disease was a gradual wasting away. His lordship was educated at Ushaw College, and was ordained at Rome, whither he proceeded to complete his theological studies, in company with Dr. Wiseman. He was consecrated August 15, 1843.

SHEE.—On the 19th August, at Brighton, Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, in the 81st year of his age, after a long and severe illness. He was second son of Martin Shee, Esq. of Dublin, by the eldest daughter and co-heir of Francis Archer, Esq. of the same city, and was grand-nephew to the late Sir George Shee,

first baronet of Dunmore. He married, in 1796, the eldest daughter of James Power, Esq., of Youghal, county of Cork, was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1798, a Royal Academician in 1800, and was chosen to fill the president's chair on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence in 1830, on which election he received the honour of knighthood. He was an honorary member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and of the academies of New York, Charleston, and Philadelphia; was author of "Rhymes on Art," "The Commemoration of Reynolds," "Alasce," a tragedy, &c.

WORSLEY.—On the 14th August, at Cheltenham, Lieut.-General Worsley, R.A., aged 78. He entered the service in 1793; in 1842 he was appointed the colonel commandant of the 5th Battalion of Artillery, which lucrative appointment is thus vacated.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From August 1, to September 1, 1850.

SOME errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. H. COLBURN.

Petticoat Government. A Novel. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Claude; or, the Double Sacrifice. By Mary Molesworth. 2 v.

From Messrs. SIMPKIN and Co.

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From Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL.

Poems. By William Allingham.

From Mr. PUTNAM.

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Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		Number of Years.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.	
	Without Profits.	With Profits.		Without Profits.	With Profits.		Without Profits.	With Profits.		Without Profits.	With Profits.		Without Profits.	With Profits.
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100	0	3	3	0	3	8	85	0	5	3	0	6	0	
99	0	3	4	0	3	9	80	0	6	2	0	6	11	
95	0	3	10	0	4	2	75	0	7	4	0	8	2	
90	0	4	6	0	5	1	70	0	8	8	0	9	8	

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This advantage may be secured by any persons who desire it, by providing in any deed or will that their Executors or Trustees shall confide the management of their Trusts to The Law Property Assurance and Trust Society, and shall be empowered to pay their regular charges for managing the same, which will be a per-centage of from two to six per cent., according to the value and nature of the property, and which per-centage will include all expenses whatever, except moneys actually paid out of pocket.

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13	1	9 3	1	7 0	50	4	1 9	3	13 3
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20	1	14 4	1	11 6	56	5	4 0	4	14 0
23	1	17 0	1	13 8	60	6	6 0	5	12 6
26	2	0 3	1	16 2	63	7	4 0	6	9 6
30	2	5 0	1	19 9	66	8	4 0	7	10 8
33	2	8 6	2	2 10	70	10	0 4	9	7 6
36	2	13 0	2	6 4	73	11	16 2	11	2 6
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